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THE

UNITED STATES

CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1847.

ITALIAN SOCIETY.

1. Pictures from Italy; by Charles Dickens.
2. Recantation, *or the Confessions of a Convert to Romanism;* a tale of domestic and real life in Italy; edited by the Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip, M. A., author of the Christmas Holydays in Rome, &c. New York, 1846.

DO not sit down to write a review of these two works. They have already received fully as much notice as they deserved. The Dublin Review has administered a withering rebuke to Mr. Dickens, more, however, in sorrow than in anger; while the utter flimsiness, the manifold inconsistencies, and the glaring absurdities of the "Recantation" have been already sufficiently exhibited in our own periodical. Our purpose at present is, merely to take occasion from these publications to throw together some general remarks on certain leading features of Italian society; a subject little understood, and upon which there exists much popular misapprehension and no small amount of error.

The chief cause of this is, that our people have been too much in the habit of looking at Italy through a false medium, that of the peculiar political bias or religious prejudices of certain writers who have travelled in that beautiful country. These tourists usually give us a view of Italian manners and customs, not as they really are in themselves, but as they choose to apprehend them. They furnish us with their own hasty impressions, rather than with facts and data by which we might be enabled to reach a sound conclusion. We must either look at Italy through their spectacles, or not look at it at all. We must see just as much as they see, hear just as much as they hear, and feel just as much as they feel; neither more nor less. If they choose to treat us only to a mere bird's-eye view, or to an imperfect glimpse of the country from a coach window, we must be content with their productions such as they are.

Besides, these men are, for the most part, utterly incapable of giving us a correct picture of Italian society. They are often totally disqualified for this grave task. They generally know little of the Italian language, and still less of Italian manners and feelings. They do not mingle much

with the people, but are content to view them at a distance. Their associations are chiefly with their own set; with English or American travellers as ignorant, as frivolous, and as prejudiced as themselves. In such company, they stand aloof from the vulgar Italian crowd, imagine themselves beings of a higher order dropped down from some upper sphere into this lower earth; and, like the pharisee of the Gospel, turn up their eyes to heaven and thank God that they are not like the rest of men,—even as those despicable, "priest-ridden" Italians!

They visit Italy with their minds already made up both on religion and on politics; and every thing they see and hear only tends to strengthen the conclusion already reached. They either do not see, or they cannot understand or appreciate, any thing that is opposed to their opinions already formed. Even if they should happen to stumble upon many facts which would tend to stagger them in their preconceived theories, they usually take care to pretermit them in their book, or to give them in some remote corner or note, for fear of shocking the prejudices of others and thereby injuring its sale. They never fail to keep a steady eye to business in all their movements, and especially in what they may conclude to publish on Italy. How will this incident, this picture, this anecdote, *take* with the reading community among whom my work is to be circulated? Will it jar with their cherished notions, or shock their religious and political feelings? If so, I must omit it altogether. Will it tickle their fancy, cause them to rub their hands with glee, and chuckle over the woful darkness and degradation of the "popish" Italians? It will do; it is the very thing; it must occupy a prominent place in the book.

Now, we do not mean to say that such reflections as these actually pass through the minds of *all* our Italian tourists when on the eve of publishing their travels to the world; still less would we say, that they are fully always conscious to themselves of this process of reasoning. Some there may be, who are entirely above these selfish considerations; many others there are, who would be ashamed of acknowledging such motives even to themselves. Still, our remark is not the less true, in the main, for all this.

Verily we live in a most enlightened age; that is, in one which is most specially enlightened in material interests and in the matter of dollars and cents. If we have not yet discovered the philosopher's stone, it has not been surely for the want of seeking after it with earnestness and assiduity. We labor to transmute every thing into gold. What matters it, if the reputation of our neighbors suffer, if falsehood be retailed for truth, if caricatures be vended for veritable "pictures" of real life? So that the investment turn out a good one, and the venture meet with a substantial return in the way of profits, it is all right. Truth, virtue, conscience,—every thing may be lawfully sacrificed on the altar of mammon. It is a reflection as sad as it is well founded, that many men of our enlightened day seem to carry their consciences rather in their pockets than in their hearts. Every thing for money; little or nothing for truth—seems to be at least a tacit motto in our age. And in this respect, however enlightened, we are certainly not peculiar. Pagan society was marked by a similar feature from the days of Horace. POST NUMMOS VIRTUS,—AFTER MONEY, VIRTUE; was the prevailing maxim with the Roman youth of his epoch.

Should any one be inclined to suspect that our remarks are too severe, or too highly colored, we beg him to look, for one moment, at the general complexion of those books on Italy with which we have been regaled during the last few years. Are they really much better than an implied insult to the understanding of our people? Can we well conceive of any thing more thoroughly egotistical, more ridiculously empty and superficial, more devoid of all good taste both as to style and matter, than Headley's Italian

Letters? In these respects, and in a dashing volubility and contemptible superciliousness, they are surpassed by nothing of the kind with which we are acquainted in our language; except, perhaps, by the earlier letters of Theodore Fay, who was so thoroughly demolished some years ago by the late talented bishop of Charleston.*

If there is any thing in the language which is as utterly worthless as the publications of these two male tourists in Italy, it is to be found in the recent works of two female writers on the same subject, the one an American, the other an English lady: Miss Waldie's "Rome in the nineteenth Century," and the "Recantation," by an anonymous authoress. It is not for us, however, to deal harshly with these gentle writers. In the matter of gossip, of scandal, and of small talk, ladies have claimed certain privileges from time immemorial; and we would not, for the world, encroach upon their rights in this respect, or insist upon confining them strictly to dull matters of fact, when they can show off to so much more advantage in the higher and more graceful regions of fancy. Especially would we be inclined to gentleness towards them, when their motives are so religious and excellent;—to exhibit fancied error in all its native deformity, and suspected or alleged vice in all its natural hideousness. Far be it from us to carry out the suggestion of that heartless satirist, Hudibras, and

> "To scandalize that sex for scolding,
> To whom the saints are so beholden:
> Women who were our first apostles,
> Without whose aid we had been lost else;
> Women that left no stone unturned,
> In which the cause might be concerned."†

We can pardon much to ladies who piously undertake to enlighten us on the subject of Italian darkness and superstition. We even know how to make some allowances for Lady Morgan, who wielded a more masculine pen, and slew the Italians right and left, as if with the club of Hercules. She probably thought that she was doing right well, and was exhibiting a singular dexterity in the ungracious undertaking of disparaging her neighbors: she knew at least that her efforts would be hailed with delight, and would gain her much additional fame, among her numerous English and Scotch admirers at home. Her anecdotes of Italian society were the very thing to suit the palates of her readers; gossip and scandal flowed from her pen with inimitable grace and volubility; her statements would pass unquestioned in the community,* and her hints and insinuations would be received with relish. Upon the whole, her fame would be enhanced by the publication.

But what shall we say of Dickens? What of the inimitable London satirist, the idol of the English and American reading public, the steadfast friend of the poor and the scourge of the rich, the graceful and agreeable moralist, the author of the beautiful conceptions of Oliver Twist, Kate Nickleby, the Cheruble Brothers and little Nell? What shall we say of his "Pictures from Italy?" In sorrow and in sadness of heart, we must say, that they are no pictures at all, but miserable and ill-natured caricatures. They have not one redeeming quality, not even that of literary merit, a high order of which had distinguished most of his previous writings. They are not the productions of Boz, but of another character altogether different. The good-natured and laughing and high-toned champion of virtue downtrodden by heartless avarice, the exquisite transformer of virtue in a hovel and in rags, into the ideal of all that constitutes loveliness—has suddenly dwindled down into the contemptible London cockney

* In a series of letters published in the United States Gazette.

† Part ii, canto ii, l. 773–8.

* Not so, however, with all of them. She made one grievous blunder which Dr. Wiseman took the trouble to expose. She stated that the venerable chair of St. Peter, kept in St. Peter's church at Rome, when examined at the time of the French occupancy of Rome, was found to bear an Arabic inscription! Dr. Wiseman proves that the chair she alluded to exists in Venice, not in Rome, and that it was a present made to the Doge in the middle ages!

abroad, dealing unblushingly in all the low slang and vulgar insinuation of his tribe! What a falling off!

The uniform gentleness and politeness of the Italians,—which even *he* does not dare to gainsay,—is not sufficient to check his wayward humor, nor to remove the sting from his heartless satire. The classic reminiscences of the Italian soil, every foot of which tells a thrilling tale of bygone deeds; the beautiful Italian churches decorated with the most sublime works of the greatest artists that ever lived; the sweet melody of Italian music unequalled in all the world besides; the reunion of all that is best calculated to call up stirring remembrances of the past and to awaken feelings of admiration for the present:—all this could not melt Mr. Dickens, or turn him for one moment from his stern, preconceived purpose of libelling the Italians.

His "American Notes" were superficial and bad enough, especially that portion of them which was written after his disappointment at Washington city in obtaining the grant of an international copyright; but they are nothing to be compared to his "Pictures from Italy." His visit to America seems, in fact, probably from the disappointment just alluded to, to have changed his entire nature, to have disgusted him with the world, and to have filled him with habitual chagrin. We wish heartily, for his own reputation, that he had stayed at home, and confined himself entirely to that department of literature for which alone he seems suited by nature and education,—to works of fiction. Whenever he ventures upon the field of sober realities, he is ill at ease, and but too apt to revert to his old province of *fancy*. He was certainly *a stranger* in Italy; and he appears to have felt it himself.

Why is it that even the best writers have failed so signally in their portraitures of Italian society? Why is it, that almost all our writers on Italy, from the days of Addison and Sharp, down to those of Beckford and Dickens, have, with very few exceptions, turned out little better than mere Trolloping gossipers and contemptible retailers of slander? There must be some reason for this moral phenomenon, sufficiently ample to apply to the whole class. That reason we have already intimated. The writers alluded to did not look beyond the mere surface of Italian society; and they even looked at this but slightly, and with an obliquity of vision which would have been wholly inexcusable in matters of much less moment than the character of an entire people.

A good work on Italy, one that would furnish us with correct and impartial information on the religious and the social manners and customs of that lovely country, is still a desideratum in our literature. We have met with no book of the kind, at least with no one which comes down to the present times. The work of Baretti, the famous Italian lexicographer and grammarian, comes the nearest to our notion of what a book on Italy should be. It is written with much ability and candor; it sets off the excellencies and the foibles of Italian character; it unfolds the general structure of Italian society; it embodies much valuable information on the material condition and resources of Italy at the period when it was written. There is, withal, a vein of pleasantry pervading the work, which gives it a singular zest and piquancy. This vein is indulged in even on some matters which should not be treated of with levity, such as certain religious festivals and practices of the Italians, and this is the principal defect we remarked in the publication.

It was written nearly a century ago in England and in English, and was intended as a reply to a book on Italy by a certain Samuel Sharp, Esq. who had lately returned from his travels on the continent, undertaken for the benefit of his health, and had given to the English public the result of his observations on Italy, in a publication which fully reflected the sour temper and morose malevolence of its au-

thor. We are sure that he must have been heartily laughed at by all the readers of Baretti's reply; and we think that any one who would republish the latter work with such additions and modifications as would adapt it to our own times, would deserve well of our reading community, and would supply a desideratum in our literature. The valuable "Classical Tour" of Mr. Eustace,* and the sensible and generally impartial Letters of Mr. Brook, together with the more recent Notes of Mr. Laing, not to mention many others, would supply the necessary information for making the requisite alterations in the revised edition.

But we must hasten on to the main object we proposed to ourselves in commencing this paper: the offering of some remarks on certain leading features of Italian society. Our observations will be necessarily very brief and summary. An entire volume, or rather several volumes, would be necessary to do full justice to a subject so ample, and withal so very interesting.

There are certainly some serious defects in the structure of Italian society; but there are also many transcendent excellencies. There are shades as well as lights in all true pictures of human life. The Italians are not, in general, so industrious and enterprising as the English or Americans. They love rest more, and locomotion less. They can be at rest without being always in motion. They have not the same thirst for wealth as we have; that fever of avarice which makes the patient ill at ease and restless, and corrodes his very heartstrings, is not certainly an Italian epidemic. An Italian would be content and even merry, where an American would be miserable and in momentary apprehension of starvation. Give him but enough for to-day, and he sits down cheerful and happy, nor thinks of the morrow. The American lives on the future; the Italian on the present. The motto of the latter is that saying of our Lord, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof:" the motto of the former would seem to be, "no rest in this world."

The result is, that, whereas in Italy you often meet with individuals who have reached the verge of extreme old age, with scarcely a furrow on the cheek or a wrinkle on the brow, hale, happy, and cheerful; in America, on the contrary, our men often become old ere they have passed the meridian of life. Many of our people literally work themselves to death; not indeed in manual labor, but in what is much more trying on the constitution,—that of the mind. Even our young men of business often look care-worn and in ill health from excessive mental application and solicitude about growing suddenly rich.

It seems to us, then, that if the Italians are too careless about acquiring this world's goods, we are much too solicitous about them for our own comfort. If they incline to one extreme, we incline to the other. And it is difficult to decide which extreme is the worse. If true happiness consist rather in the constant and eager pursuit of wealth than in being content with what we already have, then is our social condition more conducive to happiness than that of Italy. If, on the contrary, it consist in the calm enjoyment of a moderate competency, without any over eager pursuit of more; in being satisfied with very little, and in being resigned even to want; then is the social condition of the Italians much preferable to our own.

We freely admit, that so far as the *material* condition of society is concerned, we are greatly in advance of the Italians. We have, in general, many more worldly comforts than they. Our people are generally better off in regard to the necessaries and comforts of life. Food is more abundant, and wealth is more equally distributed among the masses. We have a country exhaustless in resources and boundless in extent, more than sufficient

* In four volumes 8vo. We are not aware that any American edition of this most excellent work has ever been issued.

to supply all the wants of our comparatively scanty population. Our population, scattered over a territory much larger than all Europe, is scarcely equal to that which is crowded into the Italian peninsula and its two dependencies, the islands of Sicily and Sardinia, the whole superficial extent of which is not, perhaps, much greater than that of one of our larger states. Confine our whole population to Italy, and we greatly doubt whether they would be in a better condition than the Italians. With our "go-ahead" principle and restless temperament, we would certainly not be so content or happy as they are, were we placed in their condition.

Besides, the Italians have not so many incentives to industry and enterprise as we have. Their social condition is fixed and immovable, and it has been fixed for centuries. All the avenues of enterprise are already filled up; and a man there must, in general, be content with his actual lot in society. He cannot advance, and with ordinary industry, he cannot recede in the social condition. Hence he is usually satisfied to stay where he is, and does not kill himself with anxiety to ameliorate his social state. The various trades and employments often descend from father to son for many generations. It is so, to a greater or less extent, in all old and densely populated countries. They have already reached the goal towards which we are tending.

Ameliorations in the social condition there may be, even of such old countries as Italy; but they are much more easily talked about than carried out. And we consider it very doubtful, whether certain improvements which our modern social economists are so much in the habit of extolling, would really prove beneficial to the mass of the Italian population. They would be apt to enrich the few at the expense of the many. A general system of manufactures carried on principally by steam-power, would throw an immense number of the laboring population out of employment; and the competition among the laborers would be such as to reduce the price of labor down to the starving point. This has been long the case in England, and it would be so also in Italy under similar circumstances.

As it is, we have not a doubt that the Italian laboring population are, in general, as well clothed, as well fed, and as comfortable as most other European populations, without having their physical energies impaired by being over worked. The Italian climate is much more genial than that of England, and the Italian soil much more fertile and exuberant. Nature there pours into the lap of industry a more abundant return for labor; and an Italian may accordingly procure the necessaries of life with half the exertion which would be requisite for the same purpose in a less propitious climate and a less bountiful soil. This is a wise dispensation of Providence; for those living under a burning sun are necessarily more or less enervated in body, and therefore less capable of hard labor, than those living in a more northern latitude. This remark we have already made in a previous paper.*

Notwithstanding all that has been written of the wretchedness and squalor of the Italians, it is nevertheless true, that famine and starvation, even great want, are of very rare occurrence among them. Bread, wine, oil, cheese, and other articles of daily consumption are so abundant, so generally diffused, and so very cheap, that all can procure them in sufficient quantity to support existence. In cases of partial failure of the crops, or other local misfortunes, public and private charity comes promptly to the relief of the suffering district, and thus the horrors of famine are averted. The Italian mode of living is very simple and economical. A few *bajocchi* (cents) in the pocket of an Italian laborer, will suffice to purchase ample provision for himself and family for a day. His wants are few and easily supplied. He will eat nothing but a bit

* In the March No. of this Magazine; article "Catholic and Protestant countries."

of bread and cheese moistened with a glass of wine, and he will be merry and sing the live-long day. The Italians are almost all of them cooks, and almost all of them musicians. The two things go together.

Contentment and sprightliness are among the most prominent traits in the Italian character. You will see but few long faces in all Italy. He who would be sad there, would present in his own person too strong a contrast with the radiant sky and balmy air over and around him. The Italians have a proverb,—"he who lives content will die singing,"*—which unfolds this national trait of character. If they do not "die singing," they at least sing so long as they have life and health. The mother sings to her child, and the child sings to the mother so soon as it becomes able to do so. The peasantry sing in concert while laboring in the fields, and the muleteer sings to keep himself company, or to cheer his wearied beasts of burden. The streets of the towns and villages, the mountain passes, the fields, are all vocal with music.

You cannot traverse Italy without feeling, even in spite of yourself, that the people are happy; and without also feeling indignant at those moody and splenetic travellers from a less genial clime, who, because they are not happy themselves, seek to envy the happiness of others, and seek to throw the pall of their own gloom over spirits as gay and lightsome as the very birds which carol their merry notes amid the luxuriant Italian foliage. Those sour tourists cannot appreciate a cheerfulness which is a stranger to their own bosoms. Men who cannot feel happy while rolling in wealth and revelling in abundance, cannot, for their lives, comprehend how others can be cheerful even in the midst of comparative indigence. Their fault is, that they judge of others by themselves,—often a very erroneous standard.

During a residence of several years in Italy, we have been often struck by the sprightliness, vivacity, and merriness of the Italian children. While engaged in their rural sports, their eyes sparkle like brilliants, and their countenances are lighted up with an animation which bespeaks a high order of intellect and fancy, and tells how very happy they feel and are. Such eyes and such countenances are seldom seen elsewhere. If you wish to see youth in all the attractive loveliness of its innocence, you must go to Italy. No where else, will you find the smile of childhood so radiant; and no where else, except perhaps in France, is youthful light-heartedness prolonged to so advanced a period of life. The Italian of forty years has as much of vivacity and buoyancy of spirits, as the Englishman or American of twenty-five. The haggard eye and the drooping visage, which tell of excessive mental anxiety and of anguish of heart, are almost unknown in Italy. They are, at least, as uncommon there, as they are common with us.

To what is this superior sprightliness of the Italians owing? As we have already intimated,* it is owing partly to their religion, which naturally inspires this feeling; partly to their beautiful climate; and partly to their education and social habits. They have popular amusements, and sports, such as are almost unknown among us. In almost all the cities, towns, and villages, there are public gardens and walks, beautifully arranged and tastily laid out, to which all classes have free access. Here you will find immense multitudes, congregated together at evening when the labors of the day are over, and engaged in social intercourse and sprightly conversation. All orders of society are here seen mingling together, and in a relation of much greater equality than we would imagine possible in so old a society, the various grades of which are so fixed and so clearly marked. Such assemblages of all classes in the open air for the purpose of innocent recreation and intellectual amusement, contribute greatly to the health, by

* Chi vive contento, muorra cantando.

* In the article above referred to.

promoting the habitual cheerfulness of the people. They are, moreover, picturesque, and present a singular diversity of grouping which a painter would love to sketch. They bespeak a high development of the social feeling.

In fact, an Italian cannot live without society. He is not an isolated being, and he knows it and feels it. All his social feelings are not confined to the domestic circle; they seek and must have a wider scope. Throw a number of Italians together, and they must speedily become acquainted, they must talk, they must become cheerful and communicative. Their social feelings require this development, and they could not be at ease without it. You may travel from one end of Italy to the other; you may mingle with all classes of society, and you will seldom meet with one moody individual, reserved and shut up within himself, and unwilling to communicate his thoughts to his fellow-travellers. Such unsocial individuals do not flourish in the Italian soil; they belong to a *colder* climate.

Whatever opinion we may choose to form of this and other social habits of the Italians, we must admit that their amusements are, in general, very innocent, if we do not even come to the conclusion that they are very useful. Of certain popular recreations, connected more or less with religious festivals, we may speak more appropriately hereafter, when we shall have to treat of the religious aspect of Italian society. We shall confine ourselves at present to such as are merely social.

Can any one, for example, reasonably object to the social assemblages above alluded to? We know of no one who would object to them, except, perhaps, certain gloomy religionists among us, who would seem disposed to shut out all earthly joy and cheerfulness from the human heart, and to measure a man's piety by the length of his visage. Many amusements which are very censurable in America, because they are often so grievously abused, may be, and generally are, very innocent in Italy, where no such abuse exists, at least to the same extent. The games of billiards, cards, back-gammon and draughts, are innocent in themselves, and are blameable only when indulged in to excess, or turned to the purposes of gambling. This is but too often the case with us; it is not so in Italy. People there usually engage in these games for the sake of amusement only; we are but too apt to discard mere amusement and to turn every thing into dollars and cents. We would not say that gambling is wholly unknown in Italy; but we do say, and we say it advisedly, that it is not half so common there as with us. The reason of this is, that the social feeling is much stronger than among ourselves, and the desire of wealth much weaker.

We have often felt indignation at those superficial, self-conceited, and malicious tourists, who, because they happen to see the Italians occasionally engaged in those games, immediately set them down as confirmed gamblers. These men without taking the trouble to become acquainted with the social habits or even with the language of Italy, gravely charge the Italian people,—without any reason whatever and against all evidence,—with a grievous national vice wholly foreign to their habits, and against which their very nature revolts. They flippantly judge others according to their own low standard—and that of their own country, without reflecting that one material circumstance will alter a whole case. Such libellers should be at once branded with the indignation of all impartial men.

How very different, for instance, is an Italian horse-race, from one as it is conducted with us! With us it is a matter not merely of innocent sport, but very often of the greatest excitement, growing out of the deep stakes dependent upon the issue. It is one species of gambling, and one, too, that is often of the most exciting and dangerous character. Many men are ruined and many make their fortunes on

the race-course. Unworthy trickery is often resorted to in this, as in other sorts of gambling. Again, the race-course among us is but too often disgraced by profane swearing, by drunkenness, by quarrelling and unworthy brawls. The case is very different in Italy. There the amusement is every thing; it absorbs all other feelings; drunkenness is wholly unknown; betting, especially in deep stakes, is exceedingly rare; rudeness and bitter feuds are seldom if ever witnessed; while swearing, if heard at all, is confined to a very few of the most degraded and of the very lowest classes. An Italian of any standing in society would consider himself disgraced by the utterance of a profane oath. He shrinks as much, if not even more, from swearing at all, as do our gentlemen from swearing in the presence of ladies whom they respect. We repeat it, that in Italy racing and other amusements are a different thing altogether from what they are with us in America, or with the English. They are to be judged of by a different standard altogether. They are part and parcel of mere social amusements; and the abuse of them is very rare indeed.

People must amuse themselves in some way, and if not permitted to indulge in innocent sports, they will often resort to those which are dangerous or positively sinful. In this country we have no sufficient outlet for the popular feeling of sociability and cheerfulness. We have scarcely any popular amusements worthy of the name. What is the natural consequence? Our youth, in too many instances, unhappily betake themselves to low haunts of vice, and ruin their constitutions as well as impair their fortunes by dissipation. Is not this the case to a considerable extent? Is such a state of things desirable, or is it consistent with sound morality? Would it not be far preferable to encourage innocent amusements, in order thereby to avert those which are guilty? We think so.

In this, as in many other respects, we might profit greatly by the example of Italy, France, and southern Europe generally. Instead of reviling the character of the Italians, we might, with great advantage to ourselves, adopt such of their social practices as would suit the circumstances in which we are placed, and would be adapted to our character and wants.

In two things, particularly, we might learn a useful lesson from Italy;—in temperance, and in the suavity of social intercourse. These are very prominent and universal traits in the Italian character. You may traverse Italy from Turin to Naples, and you will, perhaps, not find one man drunk, or one who will give you an uncivil word. They all drink the light wine of the country; it is a part of their daily aliment; but they are seldom known to exceed the bounds of sobriety in drinking, or of temperance in eating. They seem to have an instinctive feeling of the point at which they should stop, and they never go beyond that point.

During a residence of more than four years in central Italy, though we saw thousands of people every day, we never witnessed but one instance of intoxication; and this solitary exception to a general rule was a young soldier, who, having been sent out to procure the rations for his company, had indulged too freely in eating and drinking, and had made himself deadly sick, probably as much from the incompatible qualities, as from the quantity, of what he had taken. We saw many persons more than usually cheerful, even merry, from the effects of wine; we never saw more than one who was intoxicated. The Italians have in general no appetite for strong drinks; they are content with the product of the grape, which is fortunately very abundant in their beautiful country.

The general use of wine as an article of diet, rather than as a beverage, appears to be greatly conducive to the health, cheerfulness and sobriety of a people. The Italians are an example of this. They are cheerful and sober. Dyspepsy is almost as much unknown among them, as

is its invariable attendant,—melancholy. You will never find a people living in a wine country either sad or in bad health. And we are decidedly of the opinion, that if the cultivation of the grape were generally introduced into our own country, in which recent experiments have proved its entire practicability, the effect would be to banish the relish for strong drinks,—now too *common*, alas! among our population—and to promote our general health and happiness. This measure alone would probably do more to establish temperance among us, than all the temperance societies which were ever organised. It would strike at the very root of the evil, and furnish a radical cure.

Temperance societies are very laudable, but their influence is necessarily partial, even if it should prove to be permanent,—which remains yet to be seen. The best temperance society would be one which would promote the general cultivation of the vine. The example of all wine-growing countries is a sufficient proof of this. If our people must have stimulants of one kind or another, let them learn, like the Italians, to be content with that which is gentle, innocent, nutritive, and congenial to the human constitution. This is the only effectual means we know of to banish ardent spirits; the only one at least which has proved effectual elsewhere.

Politeness is a feature in the Italian character not less prominent than sobriety. This trait is common to all classes; you will seldom meet an exception to it. The poorest beggar, even when repulsed, will often invoke a blessing on him who has refused him an alms. The richest prince puts on no aristocratical airs when addressing the veriest peasant. Often have we seen and admired this trait of character in the Italian nobility! The mighty prince Borghese, owning a hundred townships, will frequently mingle with the rudest laborers whom he employs, on terms of social equality, and even of apparent intimacy! The Roman cardinal will hear the petition of the humblest citizen, and address to him words full of gentleness and kindness. The Roman pontiff will waive all considerations of his exalted rank, to converse, in the tender accents of a father, with the poorest and most lowly of God's creatures. Whoever has visited Italy and been in Rome during the last few years, must have witnessed frequent instances of this noble and Christian condescension in the person of the highest dignitary in the church. He might have seen Gregory XVI stop his equipage to converse with and console a poor woman, who had presented her memorial for the obtaining of some favor. He might have seen daily evidences of the deep love which the poor bore to that illustrious pontiff. And we learn from the public prints that in this respect, the present illustrious pontiff, Pius IX, more than follows in the footsteps of his venerable predecessor. An Italian noble is known, not by his haughtiness and overbearing carriage, but by his superior gentleness and good breeding. He is a *gentleman*, according to the literal and original meaning of that word. What a contrast between the carriage and manners of the English and of the Italian aristocracy! The former all dignity, and full of the pride of rank; the latter comparatively all humility and meekness.

There is also another striking feature in Italian society by which we might greatly profit,—the proper training of children. In Italy the parent impresses upon the tender mind of the child the duties of respect and obedience, and he does it so effectually, that instances of filial undutifulness are there rarely met with. In no country of the world, perhaps, is the parental and filial relation more fully understood or more properly appreciated. A disobedient child would there be considered as a monster unfit for society. Popular sentiment would set the hot brand of indignation upon his forehead, and he would be cast forth as something unclean. Nor does the duty of filial respect and obedience cease at any particular period of life; the parent is always the parent, and

the child is always the child, no matter what may be their respective ages or positions in society.

Is this the case with us? Alas! it is not, at least to half the extent. American parents love their children as fondly as do the Italian; but they do not often love them as well or as wisely. With us the faults of the wayward child are but too frequently overlooked by the doating parent; if they are not even tacitly approved of, as evidences of a proper spirit, and of a talent which needs only a little time to develope it to proper maturity. The result of this over indulgence is, that the son or daughter is too soon emancipated from the parental control, becomes impatient of all restraint, and but too often plunges into the vortex of worldly vanity, if not of dissipation and vice. The afflicted parent finds out, when it is too late, that he has spoiled his child; and that the one, whom heaven gave him to be the solace and support of his declining years, is likely, on the contrary, to bring nothing but sorrow and bitterness on his gray hairs.

It is not so in Italy, at least to the same degree. And the difference of result is chiefly owing to the difference of training. In this respect, as in many others, we might learn a useful lesson from Italian society.

There is, however, one charge against the morality of Italian society which we must briefly notice, as it has been made by several writers, and with some shadow of plausibility. It is alleged that the standard of female virtue is not so high in Italy as in many other countries of Europe; and in proof of this grave accusation, our attention is pointed to a peculiar feature in Italian society, which allows married ladies to have their *cicisbei* or *cavalieri serventi*,* who attend them on public occasions, hold their parasols and fans, recite verses and sonnets in their honor, and perform various other offices for them. Prejudiced writers on Italy profess to see in this custom a violation of all female decorum and propriety; and they take occasion from it to slander the virtue of the Italian ladies generally.*

* "Cavaliers in attendance."

Never was there, perhaps, a more palpable instance of gross ignorance in regard to all the features which mark Italian society, or of that unmitigated malevolence which construes every thing into crime, than is implied in this scandalous imputation. Those who make the charge can scarcely seriously believe it themselves.

What! Are we to believe that an enlightened people, and one so proverbially jealous of female virtue as the Italians, would tolerate for one moment a systematic corruption of morals which would sap the very foundations of all society, by marring all domestic bliss and breaking up the bonds of the family circle? Are we to believe that Italian husbands would sit quietly by, and see all their dearest interests sacrificed, and their most warm and cherished affections blighted? Those who think so know little of human nature, and nothing whatever of the Italian character. The thing is absurd, impossible on its very face. It were almost impossible even among savages. The malignity and utter groundlessness of the charge are transparent. When the splenetic and malicious Samuel Sharp, Esq., preferred this same accusation about a century ago, Baretti published a triumphant refutation of it, and administered to the libeller of Italian female character an indignant rebuke which even *he* must have felt, if he had any feeling left.

We are ourselves no admirers of the custom in question, which we believe was always confined to ladies of the higher ranks, and has for many years past fallen into almost total disuse even among them. But no reasonable man can believe for one moment, that there ever was any thing more in it than a mere matter of fashion, the reputed tendency of which was to enhance the importance, by increasing the

* This accusation is made by Miss Waldie in her "Rome in the nineteenth century."

suite, of those ladies who moved in the most fashionable circles. It was only a remnant of that chivalric gallantry of the middle ages, which lingered longer in Italy and Spain than in any other countries of Europe. After having declined for many years, it fell at last under the well aimed shafts of Italian satire. The poet Parini seems to have given it the finishing stroke.*

Absurd you may call it, if you choose; grossly immoral in its tendency and effects it could not have been: else it is impossible to conceive how it could have been at all tolerated, especially among the sensitive and jealous Italians. They are naturally a highly poetical and imaginative people, who have adhered with much tenacity to their ancient social customs, more particularly those which carried them back to the days of mediæval chivalry.

We would, in short, make a most grievous mistake, if we should attempt to judge the Italians by our own more prosaic and matter-of-fact principles. We believe that there are few countries in the world where female virtue is more highly prized or more generally practised than in Italy. If you wish to be pointed to countries where this "index virtue"—as Mr. Laing calls it—is more generally lost sight of, you must go farther north; to Prussia, to Sweden, and to England. One thing is certain,—and it is conceded by our adversaries themselves,—that Italian parents are in the habit of watching over the virtue of their daughters with a singular care; and it is often made a matter of accusation against the former, that they will not permit the latter to mingle in society, but keep them shut up in the convent schools and academies until they are marriageable.

We are already at the end of our paper; and yet we have not said one half of what we intended to say on setting out. We may revert to the subject on some future occasion.

* See Alfieri's Autobiography, pp. 128-9, note.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

THE HEBREW MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

BY BERNARD C. REED.

It was the sunset hour in Israel.
The music of her blithesome birds was hushed,
And 'mid the foliage of her spicy trees,
They rested from their songs, until the morn
Should call them forth to melody again.
The palm trees waved with sweet and lulling sound,
To the soft zephyrs dallying with their leaves,
Which, mingling with the lull of waterfalls,
Made melody so soft, so sweet, it seemed,
E'en as the echo of some seraph's tone,
Warbling in bliss around the throne of heaven.
It was a holy hour, and in the breast
All base and warring passions seemed to die,
Beneath the magic of its sacred sway.
Oh! that their death were but eternal death,
That man, the victim of their burning power,
Might ne'er be urged again to deeds and crimes,
Which cause the tears to fall from angels' eyes,
And hell to laugh with fiendish joy.

Beneath the branches of a palm tree sat
A Hebrew mother, gazing on her child,
Watching its sinless sports, and as the gush
Of laughter broke from its untroubled heart,
And flowed deep, deep into her inmost soul,
It seemed as if each drop was made of bliss,
Ecstatic bliss, whose rapturous excess
Might cause a heart like hers to burst with joy.
And then her thoughts took wing, and fancy laid
The future years of life before her view;
And as each scene rose up—all scenes of joy—
She saw in each the image of her child,
And on his brow was aye a look of love,
And love for her, and if the world was harsh,
He was her comforter and with sweet words
Chased all the darkness from her soul away.
And when her brow, grown dim with years, was carved
With deepened furrows by time's sharpened sword,
He still was by her side, the prop—the stay
Of her old age and helplessness. And oh!
As such bright scenes rose up before her view,
How swelled the waters of her heart with bliss,
And breaking through their barriers, rolled forth
In grateful thankfulness to Him, who blessed
Her life—her widowhood with such a son.
Oh! could that gladdened mother but have turned
The veil that hid futurity aside,
And viewed the scenes that lay behind its folds,
In all their naked, dire reality—
Then, then her heart had groaned in wretchedness,
And she had felt how bitterer than gall,
Or wormwood's dregs, was that dire cup which she,
And all the mothers of the land would drain,
Before another summer's flowers would bloom,
Though proffered by the hands of their own king,
Who should have dealt with them, as father deals
With his own children, whom his bosom loves.

* * * * * * *

'Twas midnight in Jerusalem. The sounds
Of revelry were hushed within her halls,
And sleep had weighed the eyelids down of all,
Save Herod, lord and king of Judah's realm.
Within his chamber sat the sovereign,
And on his brow there was a shade of gloom,
For he had heard them say a new born king
Had risen in the east—a king to rule,
And sway his people in Jerusalem.
And as he thought on this, his heart was grieved
And troubled sore, and in his guilty mind
Dark thoughts were brewing how he might remain,
Secure upon the throne of Judah's land,
And then there in that midnight solitude,
And in the secret of his own dark soul,
He vowed an awful vow, that he himself,
Should still reign on, though all his race should groan.

The sons of all his realm should die, from those
Whose eyes were but new opened to the light,
To those upon whose brows two summers' breaths
Had lingered, dallying with their glossy curls,
And thus must die the new born king of Jews.
Then rose he from his seat and wildly paced
His chamber for a while, as though his soul
Were wrung to torture by the passions' fire,
That gleamed in all the livid hues of hell
Upon his brow, and while the bitter drops
Of agony were gathering there, with look
Which scarce a fiend's tortured brow could bear,
That writhes in hell, his voice rang wildly out
"Though all the mothers of the land shall wail,
O'er mangled bodies of their slaughtered babes,
Till e'en the air be heavy with their groans—
Though all the people of my realm shall howl
In agony, and sink appalled and pale,
At scenes of tortured murdered innocence,
Till heaven, enraged, shall send the echo back
To torture and to thunder in my soul,
Still wrapped in purple on his gilded throne,
Herod shall sway the rod o'er Judah's realms."
Plot on, scheme on, thou guilty, grovelling thing,
Plot on, until thy hands be dyed with blood
So thick, that all the waters of thy realm
Be far too small to wash the stain away—
Until thy blackened soul be ripe for hell,
Plot on, scheme on—but plot and scheme in vain.
The new born babe is sacred from thy hands,
E'en now his path of flight is pointed out
By the bright finger of the Holy One,
And following it, thy schemes are thine own scorn.
The sceptre from thy race shall pass away,
Their mighty power be broken as a reed,
And thou thyself be made to rue the time,
Thou daredst to wake the vengeance of a God.

There was a voice of lamentation heard
In Judah's land—'twas stricken mothers' wail
O'er slaughtered babes, the work of Herod's hands,
Wailing and comfortless, for they were not.
And there was one among that hapless band,
Whom we have seen beneath a palm tree's shade;
Widowed and childless now, the grief was hers
Which wrings and tears the soul beyond express.
Oh! long she struggled with the murderers,
And sought to wrest her babe from them and fly;
But all in vain, and then with looks and words,
Imploring words, which none save mothers' hearts
May know, she begged of them to spare her boy,
But begged in vain, they tore him from her grasp;
And e'en before her gaze poured out the blood,
The precious blood, of his young, guiltless heart.
And now another summer's flowers had bloomed,
And 'twas the sunset hour again, and she

Had come beneath the branches of that palm,
To wail and weep, but smile no more, for there
In that loved spot where he had sported oft,
She'd made for him a grave, and kneeling down,
In all the anguish of her stricken heart,
She poured her soul in plaintive gushings forth:

And thou art gone, my child,
No more my arms may now thy form caress,
Thy glossy ringlets have been all defiled,
And brow so sacred in its loveliness.
Oh! that I too, my beautiful, had died,
The hour they tore thee from thy mother's side.

And I had deemed that thou,
In coming years a comforter would be,
When grief sat heavy on my stricken brow,
Or deep anxieties would prey on me.
'Twas all a dream, for thou, my boy, art gone—
And I am left in desolation lone.

How gladly have I heard
The music laugh that from thy bosom gushed,
And hung so fondly on each forming word
Thy sweet voice uttered, now for ever hushed.
Oh! that the flowers and all bright things can bloom,
But such as thou lie withering in the tomb.

Reign on, thou guilty one,
Whose rod hath fallen so heavy on my lot,
There dwells a God, and an avenging one,
To Him I leave thee—I shall curse thee not.
Haply thou yet wilt feel a torturing wo,
Surpassed alone by that which Judah's mothers know.

And thou art gone, my child,
And soon thy mother by thy side must lie,
For oh! the grief so torturing and so wild,
That wrings my spirit, makes me long to die.
Wo for thy mother, know my boy, my pride,
Joy for the hour she'll rest her by thy side.

It was a little while. Another grave
New made was neath the branches of that palm,
And as the soft winds stirred the long, rank grass,
That grew unharmed above the slaughtered babe,
It lingered for awhile to wail and moan
Around the clods, fresh gathered from the vale,
That rested on its mother's broken heart.

BALTIMORE, MARCH 24.

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE

ORDER OF OUR LADY OF CHARITY OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD:

THE MOTHER HOUSE OF THE CONGREGATION BEING AT ANGERS IN FRANCE.

No. 2.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

BUT we must now return to the history and progress of the order. Father Eudes had several times applied to Rome, to obtain the approbation of the church for the new community; because without this formality the subjects could not be admitted to make solemn vows: but his solicitations had been all in vain. About this time, the queen mother, Ann of Austria, who had a great esteem for the pious founder, offered him her protection. He cheerfully availed himself of her bounty to obtain what he most desired on earth—the solemn confirmation of the Institute of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd. At her recommendation, Louis XIV charged his ambassador in Rome to second the request in the year 1661. But it failed again on account of that fourth solemn vow for the instruction of penitents. A vow of this nature was without example, and it was thought dangerous to engage virgins consecrated to the Lord to live in the midst of women whose morals had been corrupted. After so many fruitless attempts, Father Eudes had recourse to God alone in prayer, and he was heard. Through the zeal and the exertions of two of the principal abbots of the reform of St. Bernard, Mr. de Rance, abbot of La Trappe, and the abbot of the monastery in the diocess of Bayeux, who went to Rome in 1664, on business of their order, the sovereign pontiff, Alexander VII, was induced to charge a congregation of cardinals to examine seriously into the difficulties that had until then prevented the conclusion of this affair. The cardinal de Retz, who was perfectly well informed of the advantage of such an institute to the church, showed the reasons alleged, to be null, from the fact, that the community in France which was composed almost entirely of young religious ladies, had been for twenty years most edifying and regular; and he urged farther, that when these religious would be engaged by the vows of religion to persevere in so holy a state, they would have a still more powerful motive to aim at perfection. After the conferences on the subject had been concluded, the commissaries gave as favorable a report as could be desired. Relying on their testimony, and taking certain precautions to remove the dangers that he feared for the religious, the pope gave the bull for the erection of the new order under the rule of St. Augustine, approved of the constitutions, and permitted other regulations to be added. The order has been since approved and confirmed by the pontiffs Innocent XI and Gregory XVI.

The religious of the community had too ardently desired this approbation to defer taking the solemn engagements which were now sanctioned by the head of the church. They were eighteen in number, two of whom were novices. All those who had before made simple vows, now prepared themselves by the exercises of a retreat solemnly to ratify their sacrifice. The vicar general, who was their superior, that he might be the better assured of their vocation, made them go out of

their monastery one by one, and examined them on the motives that had determined them to consecrate themselves to God in that house; and after making them feel the full extent and the difficulties of the obligations they were going to contract, he offered to dispense them from those that they had already made, and to send them back free to their homes. Not one of them was shaken by this proposal; on the contrary all begged as a special favor, to be admitted to make their solemn vows.

In 1668, the community, being now numerous enough, elected a superioress of their own order, and therefore were able to dispense with the services of the sisters of the Visitation. The following years were remarkable for the progress of the institute. Seven other houses were soon established in different parts of France.

At the time of the destruction of the convents of France, in 1792, they were also expelled from theirs; but they still lived together as much as possible, and faithfully preserved the spirit of their vocation. When things again became calm, they purchased the most of their houses again. The first house of Caen, which was the cradle of the institute, has resisted all the storms of the French revolution, and is still flourishing. That of Paris, founded by the Cardinal de Noailles in 1724, was reëstablished in 1806. With the liberal assistance of Louis XVIII and of the royal family, the religious were enabled to construct on their grounds a convent, called "the Magdalen," for the penitents who desired to embrace the religious life. These houses,—which were only twelve in number up to the year 1829,—were isolated; that is, each establishment was detached and depended on itself; as the sisters of the Good Shepherd are to this day: neither did they extend beyond France.

But the Lord had in his mercy marked out a time to develope this institute, to establish it on a larger and more solid basis, and fit it to be a more adequate remedy to the universal evils of an age full of corruption and immorality. The city of Angers was the place chosen by divine Providence as the centre and head-quarters of this work of grace; and from thence God was to carry the knowledge of his love and mercy to the poor lost sheep scattered all over the earth. The countess de Neuville, a pious lady of that city, was inspired by God to found there a house of the order. On her death-bed she willed the sum of 30,000 francs, (nearly six thousand dollars) to be given towards the good work, and charged her only son, the count de Neuville, whom she left possessor of an immense fortune, and what is better still, heir of all her virtues, to make still greater sacrifices, should it become necessary, to accomplish what death alone prevented her from doing herself. Soon after her death, the young count faithfully executed his mother's will, by placing the sum of money in the hands of the bishop of Angers, and begging him to aid in realizing her dying request.

The house of the order in Tours was numerous, and they gave five of their religious to found the house in Angers. The superioress of that house was then the honored mother Mary Euphrasia Pelletier. Her soul filled with ardor for promoting the glory of God and the conversion of sinners, had suffered greatly from the limited sphere in which she had heretofore lived, still she was resigned to the will of God; when the proposal of a new house arrived, that made her foresee a brighter future which she had long sighed after. The bishop of Tours permitted her to accompany the little colony, which took possession of the new locality in 1828. In less than three years, they received about seventy novices from all parts of Europe, the most of them of very distinguished families, who all seemed to be called by an extraordinary vocation.

The bishops of Poictiers, Grenoble, and Metz asked for subjects to found similar houses in their respective dioceses, in 1832. The pious founder of the house at

Angers, the count de Neuville, felt inspired by God to devote his immense wealth to enlarging and founding this house, which was soon to become the parent of so many others. He now set no bounds to his gifts, so that at the time of his death, in 1843, he was living in the most simple style, with only one old valet to attend on him.

In 1834, several bishops of France, as well as the religious of Angers, wrote to Rome to obtain that the superioress of the house of Angers should be established general of the whole congregation, and in consequence should govern all the houses founded by it. After much opposition, this was granted on the 10th of March, 1835. No change was, however, made in the ancient rule or habit, except that the religious have, instead of the white cord, a blue one; and that on the reverse of the silver heart that they have adopted, the image of the Good Shepherd is engraven; to distinguish the religious of the mother house from those of the refuge.*

On the 17th of April, 1838, his eminence, the cardinal Odescalchi, the first protector of the congregation, wrote to the general superioress on the part of his holiness, Gregory XVI, to send some of her subjects to found a house in the holy city. They arrived there, sixteen in number, in June of the same year, and took possession of the monastery called *Santa Croce, via Lungare.* The holy pontiff received them in the most paternal manner, and blessed the whole congregation in the person of the general mother.

The sisters had hardly been six months in Rome, when they lost their holy founder, and the whole society its protector. His eminence, the cardinal Odescalchi, after many solicitations, at length obtained from his holiness the permission to resign all his offices and titles that had been conferred upon him by the Roman church, and to enter the Society of Jesus. After thus detaching himself from all the things of earth, he went to the noviciate of the society at Verona, where he died in odor of sanctity three years afterwards.

A second house for penitents was founded in Rome by the munificence of the duchess de Bracciano, in 1840. This monastery, situated near the Coliseum, whence so many martyrs had flown into the bosom of God, in the early ages, seems to experience the benefit of such a neighborhood, by the graces of conversion that the penitent souls receive therein, and the peace that its happy inmates there enjoy.

The second cardinal protector was Monsignor Della Posta. After his death, in 1841, the present cardinal Patrizzi was named to the same office. It is to his zeal and wisdom that the society owes the peace and prosperity that it now enjoys.

The general superioress of the order, Mary Euphrasia Pelletier, has founded, from the year 1833 to the year 1846, FORTY HOUSES of the institute for the conversion of penitents: twenty-five in France, two in Belgium, seven in Italy, one in London, one in Bavaria, one in Algiers, one in Cairo, Egypt, one in Canada, and one in the United States.

The magnificent and royal convent at Munich was built by the king of Bavaria. The last house of the order in the Roman states, was founded by his present holiness whilst he was cardinal bishop of Imola. That of Louisville, Ky., was founded by the venerable Bishop Flaget, and his coadjutor, Bishop Chabrat; and it is the only one of the order in the United States. It has succeeded as well as its distinguished founders and friends anticipated, and has already effected much good.

The general house in Angers consists of three hundred religious, professed and novices, from France, Italy, Spain, Great Britain, Belgium, Prussia, Bavaria, etc.; of fifty magdalens, who follow the rule and wear the habit of the Carmelites; of a hundred and forty penitents; of a hundred and thirty orphans in the class called

* The establishments originally reared by Father Eudes were called *houses of refuge*, some of which still exist, and are distinct from the *generalat* of Angers.

of preservation; and of about seventy boarders. The establishment, including servants, numbers about eight hundred persons. There are, moreover, four resident clergymen; one the confessor of the community, at least of the French part of it; a second for the English, German, and Italian novices; a third charged with the penitents and magdalens; and the fourth, with the care of the children, catechising them, and watching over their religious education.

In most of the houses of the order which are permanently established, there are generally three classes: the penitents, the magdalens, the orphans; besides a boarding school which contributes very much towards the support of the establishment. No penitents are ever refused, provided they have the requisite qualities; but when they are placed in the house by charitable persons or by their friends, a small sum is generally required yearly, if the friends are able to give it, for their support.

Many examples of the mercy of our good God might be related in the cases of some hundreds of young persons, who struck with the stings of remorse, abandoned their criminal life, to repent in solitude for their past errors; and who now acknowledge, that the peace and the calm they enjoy in the service of the Almighty amply compensate them for the phantoms of joy that brought them only bitter deceptions and cruel disquietudes.

Out of very many such examples of grievous habitual sin and of long continued and most edifying penance done in houses of the order, we will select the few following. They will exhibit the infinite goodness and mercy of God towards those sinners, who, like the prodigal of the Gospel, wish to return to the house of their father. They will also set in a clearer light the unwearied charity and kindness of the fervent sisters of the Good Shepherd, and the excellence of their heroic institute.

At the royal theatre of Munich, in 1843, a famous actress, probably while reciting a religious part, heard a strong voice, that of remorse, reproaching her for having loved so long the apparent delights that brought with them nothing but incurable *ennui*, and for having dared to precipitate into the abyss of sin immortal souls, for whose salvation Jesus Christ had shed the last drop of his blood. She had heard of the monastery of the Good Shepherd in that city, and of many young persons who, to secure their eternal salvation, had, with one strong act of the will, rejected from their lips the poisoned cup of their guilty joys to bury themselves, like Magdalen, in the desert of contrition. Almighty God gave her the same attractive call; but she felt a timidity in presenting herself at the convent, for she was not a Catholic, and was ignorant that the glory and the crown of a sister of the Good Shepherd is, to render to the flowers that vice had tarnished, their first innocence. She did not know that their happiness is to be able to say to a certain degree, like our Lord,—we have come into the world not for the just but for sinners;—not only to open, like so many other communities, one of those happy abodes where chaste and pure souls are sheltered from the corruption of the world to lead here below the life of angels, but also to establish a refuge for the greatest of human miseries.

She then resolved within herself, that if in presenting herself the next morning, the religious received her without exacting any thing for her board, etc, she would believe that they acted purely through a spirit of charity, and that it was the will of God for her to adopt this new mode of living.

In effect the good superioress of the asylum joyfully opened to her her arms; and that heart, weary of the foolish joys of the world, received with docility and joy the holy truths of religion. She became a model to her companions, and her perseverance in good completed the joy of the angels and of the good religious.

A comedian in Algiers who had been guilty of the greatest crimes, and who

acknowledged herself to the sisters that she had made three hundred sacrilegious communions, entered their house there last year, and is now a model of penance.

Another actress in Bourg entered the house there in 1845. One day being disgusted with the life she led, and divine grace urging on her more than usual, she escaped just when she had to appear in the theatre, and hid herself in a piece of furniture, until, at a favorable moment, she ran to the clergyman of the place, begging him to procure her an asylum. He confided her to the sisters of the Good Shepherd. Her gratitude was so great towards the persons who had received her, that she ceased not thanking them and saying, "How happy I am to have found you! where would I be without you!"

In London, a young person who had been the dishonor of her family in the world, was touched by divine grace in the midst of her criminal life. She seemed to see an avenging God ready to strike her in his justice; but she still resisted, not knowing what means to take to abandon the state in which she lived. Divine Providence made her find a person who conducted her to the confessor of the community. The worthy priest was still in the confessional; to him she related the state of her soul, shedding a torrent of tears, and protesting that she would rather die than continue in her bad life. The good clergyman told her, that the heavenly Shepherd who had prepared her soul for repentance, had also provided for her a fold where she would find other companions who, like herself, had been first guilty, and then faithful to his voice. He presented her to the sisters, and she became a model of virtue to her companions, by her humility and her mortification. She had the signal consolation of being admitted for the first time to the holy communion in 1845. Her soul was so inundated with holy joy that she had to leave the chapel, and she repeated frequently, "It is too great a happiness for me!"

A multitude of other facts might be related of some, who, after having committed enormous crimes, subsequently edified every one by their penance; and of others who, hiding their noble birth and family, lived unknown and confounded among the lowest penitents, as one did lately at the house in Strasburg. The sisters discovered only after her death, that she was the countess N., who lived there as a penitent, to expiate the faults of a member of her family.

The following statement will exhibit at a glance, the dates of the foundations of the various houses of the order, dependent on the mother house at Angers; as well as the present flourishing condition of that community:

The house of Poictiers was founded on the 3d Dec. 1833. 18 religious, 106 penitents, 40 children of preservation.

Grenoble, 26th Decr. 1833. 28 religious, 100 penitents, 70 children of preservation.

Metz, 1st August, 1834. 24 religious, 90 penitents, 20 magdalens, 30 boarders, 20 orphans.

Saumur, 31st July, 1835. 15 religious, 80 penitents.

Nancy, 30th Nov. 1835. 24 religious, 90 penitents, 20 magdalens, 38 orphans preserved.

Amiens, 9th March, 1836. 27 religious, 110 penitents, 60 boarders.

Lille, 15th Sept. 1836. 25 religious, 15 magdalens, 90 penitents, 60 orphans, 50 boarders.

Le Puy, 1st Jan. 1837. 20 religious, 108 penitents.

Strasburg, 15th May, 1837. 27 religious, 100 penitents, 12 magdalens, 40 boarders.

Sens, 15th May, 1837. 18 religious, 40 penitents, 38 boarders.

Rhemes, 11th June, 1837. 20 religious, 75 penitents, 50 boarders.

Arles, 25th Sept. 1837. 16 religious, 50 penitents, 36 boarders.

Rome, 1st house, 4th June, 1838. 12

religious, 35 penitents, 20 children for preservation.

Bourgen Bresse, 8th July, 1838. 20 religious, 15 magdalens, 100 penitents, 60 orphans.

Chambery, Savoy, 12th Jan. 1839. 15 religious, 30 penitents, 40 orphans.

Perpignan, 25th January, 1839. 10 religious, 30 penitents, 20 boarders.

Bourges, 20th Feb. 1839. 20 religious, 100 penitents, 10 magdalens, 35 boarders.

Nice, in Italy, 1st April, 1839. 15 religious, 50 penitents, 35 boarders.

Avignon, 9th May, 1839. 18 religious, 30 penitents, 50 boarders.

Maçon, 13th June, 1839. 15 religious, 70 penitents.

Mons, in Belgium, 25th Dec. 1839. 16 religious, 50 penitents, 30 orphans.

Namur, in Belgium, 25th May, 1840. 18 religious, 70 penitents, 35 orphans.

Munich, in Bavaria, 30th May, 1840. 50 religious, 150 penitents, 200 orphans, 80 boarders.

Toulon, 15th August, 1841. 18 religious, 80 penitents, 20 magdalens.

London, 25th Feb. 1841. 25 religious, 55 penitents.

Genoa, 29th June, 1842. 15 religious, 60 penitents, 35 preserved.

Lyons, 29th June, 1842. 20 religious, 40 penitents, 75 preserved.

Louisville, Ky., 8th Sept. 1843. 10 religious, 25 penitents.

Algiers, Africa, 15th Oct. 1843. 10 religious, 25 penitents, 30 boarders.

Turin, Sardinia, 1st Nov. 1843. 12 religious, 50 penitents, 20 preserved.

Montreal, Canada, 5th May, 1844. 20 religious, 38 penitents, 30 boarders.

Dole, 18th Oct. 1844. 7 religious, 40 penitents, 15 boarders.

Imola, pontifical states, 20th Oct. 1845. 7 religious, 20 penitents.

St. Omer's, 14th Sept. 1845. 5 religious, 10 penitents.

Loos, Flanders, 25th April, 1845. 6 religious, 45 preserved.

Cairo, Egypt, 6th January, 1846. 150 young persons redeemed, Arabians, Copts, Greeks, Turks, Marabouts.

Moulins, Sept. in 1846. 5 religious, 15 penitents.

Angouleme, Sept. in 1846. 7 religious, 25 penitents.

Barbary, Africa, 20th Oct. 1846. 15 children, negroes, redeemed.

Rome, 2d house, 1st July, 1840. 10 religious, 40 penitents, 25 orphans.

SUMMARY:

Houses, 40; Religious, 648; Penitents, 2,277; Magdalens, 112; Orphans, 613; Young persons redeemed, 165; Boarders, 599.

THE CATHOLIC BRIDE,

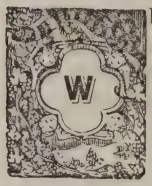
OR, MORAL LETTERS ADDRESSED TO JULIA, DAUGHTER OF COUNT SOLARO DELLA MARGARITA, ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE TO COUNT EDUARDO DEMORRI DI CASTEL MAGNO.

Translated from the Italian, for this Magazine, by Charles Constantine Pise, D. D.

LETTER III.

From Mademoiselle Anna Maria Marovich.

My Dear young Countess,



WHENEVER I hear of a truly Christian lady, who is not called to pass her life in religious celibacy, entering, with the consent and benediction of her parents, on the matrimonial state, with a man of equal rank and merit, my soul exults with joy, and is filled with delightful hopes. This was the case of late, when your most excellent father kindly communicated to me the intelligence of your affiance: and if ere this, I have not expressed my feelings to you, as I should have done, it was on account of indisposition under which I have been suffering during several days. My heart responds with deep emotion to the tidings: its aspirations are intense for your future happiness, and its prayers are fervent for heaven's blessings on you. Deem not strange, that, because I have not embraced the marriage state myself, I should rejoice at the nuptials of another. I prefer—to speak the truth—virginity to matrimony: but while I love and honor virgins, as the most noble portion of the flock of Christ, I honor and respect the married; who, although in a less elevated and perfect state, can, nevertheless, with the divine assistance, punctually discharge their respective duties, render themselves meritorious in the church of God, by fulfilling a mission, and an apostleship, the more efficacious and useful, because of the greater force of their natural attractions.

Woman—we see from daily experience—can have a powerful influence over the heart of man; and by her insinuating manners, can easily lead him on to good or evil. Eve, our common mother, has given a melancholy proof of this power; and her example is imitated by too many thoughtless girls, who seem to marry for no other purpose but to lead to perdition their husbands, and their children, with themselves. But a true wife, a Christian wife, will not exert her sweet influence over her husband's heart, except to purify its defects, and fortify it in the pratice of every virtue.

The unbelieving man, says the great apostle Paul, will be sanctified by the believing woman. And of this fact history will furnish innumerable instances. Not to speak of the Cecilias, the Monicas, and so many others who might be mentioned in testimony of this truth, I will relate a circumstance to which I myself can bear witness. A dear friend of mine was married to a gentleman who was irreproachable in every particular, except that he felt the greatest repugnance to the sacraments, of which, even at the Easter time, he would not participate. His pious wife mourned over his fatal negligence, for which she could not account, knowing him to be an upright and honest man. A thousand times did she represent to him the danger to which this negligence exposed him, but in vain. To her remonstrances he answered, it is true, with promises, which were never fulfilled. Meanwhile he loved his wife with all the intensity which her virtues deserved, and could not bear to be absent from her, even for a

moment. She determined to avail herself of this devoted affection, and to lead her husband insensibly through it to that love which is the "one thing necessary." Profiting by the unhappiness he felt in being absent from her, "reflect," she one day said, "if it is so painful for you to be away from me so short a time, how will you be able to endure an eternal separation?" He fixed his earnest gaze on her, not immediately understanding the import of her language. "Yes," she resumed, "my beloved husband, I fear this may be the case, because while I endeavor by obeying the commandments of the church to save my soul, through the merit of our divine Redeemer, you continue to keep yourself from the sacraments, the channels of grace and life. And although in other respects, your conduct is that of a regular Christian, how can you hope to be saved, by the mere exterior profession, without the interior and practical influences of religion and faith? Will you run the risk of being separated from me for all eternity?" So deep was the impression made by these words on the mind of her husband, that, from that moment, he resolved to change his life. He began to approach the sacred tribunal of penance, and the holy table anew; and so faithfully did he persevere, that it was easily seen how successfully the holy artifice of that good wife was blessed by the Lord, who brought him back by his grace to a sense of duty, and kindled, by means of a purely earthly and natural love, the heavenly and blessed fire of supernatural charity.

Your pious and enlightened parents have, I doubt not, selected for you a husband for whose conversion you will not have to labor. But I thought proper to relate this fact in order to make you see more clearly what a Christian wife may effect by her prayers and exhortations, and in what manner she can and should make use of the affection which her husband cherishes for her, to procure, if not his conversion, which may not be required, at any rate his greater sanctification. You may learn, besides, the object for which woman has been made: to be the companion of man, and to help him in his various wants on earth, and above all, to aid him in obtaining the great end for which he has been created. Justly, therefore, does the church expect, and God require, the sanctification of the husband through the influence of the Christian wife. And oh! what a wrong is not inflicted upon both one and the other by those foolish women, who, instead of co-operating as far as possible, in the attainment of that end, by their evil example, their derision of piety and good works, and their habitual dissipations of mind and body, keep themselves and their husbands at a greater distance than ever from it.

Nor is this the only mission entrusted by Providence to a truly Christian wife. Should you become a mother, a wider field will open to your glorious and gentle apostleship. God confides to the care and training of the mother the stainless souls of her innocent children, that she may preserve them pure and incontaminate. To her the church commits them, as the first cultivator of that virginal soil, which, in progress of years, will bring forth fruit, either good or bad, in conformity with the nature of that first-sown seed. Oh! what merit, then, will not that mother acquire before heaven and earth, who, from the tenderest years of her children, labors to impress upon their minds as upon soft wax, the seal of the evangelical maxims, and Christian doctrine! Infancy, precious infancy, God confides, in a special manner, to the direction of the mother: and yet too many mothers give over to the care of mercenary nurses their little ones who stand most particularly in need of sacred attention. And who can tell how soon their tender hearts take in impressions which may never be eradicated. The virtuous sentiments impressed by a mother's love into her children's breasts, may, indeed, as they grow in years, be stifled and almost choked by the thorns of increasing pas-

sions, but there remains a vital germ which, at a more sober period, may shoot forth and blossom, and bear the flowers and the fruits of virtue and faith.

Did not the short space of a letter forbid my dilating on this interesting topic, how much more might be added, and how many instances adduced in confirmation of what I have said? You yourself are one. For if you have grown up in virtue and devotion, if the fear and love of God have ever dwelt in your noble heart, you owe it all to the example and the religious education which you have received from your loving mother, who, together with her excellent husband, your magnanimous father, is a model of every Christian virtue. Imitate the example which your home has given you, and you will prove a wife according to God's own heart. Be careful in the midst of the world to shed around the sweet odor of Jesus Christ. Be docile and amiable to your husband, and towards his family, but be still more solicitous to please the heavenly spouse of your soul, who, indeed, permits you to participate in the innocent enjoyments of the world, but forbids your becoming a slave to its pomps and its vanities. Dress in a manner becoming your noble rank, but at the same time bewail, with Esther, the necessity of so doing, and abhor every thing that does not tend to ornament the soul. Esteem not personal beauty, that short-lived flower, which often fades as it blooms, but stamp on your memory the maxim of the Holy Ghost: "the woman fearing God, she shall be praised!" Be solicitous to embellish your mind with solid and lasting ornaments, seeking to advance more and more in virtue, which, while it renders you beautiful and pleasing in the sight of heaven, gives a charm in the eyes of men, and especially of his to whom God unites you. The indispensable virtues of a wife are humility, obedience, meekness, condescension, modesty, chastity, prudence, activity, equanimity, patience, and above all, love of God, of her husband, and of her neighbor the source of every other virtue. Be attached to home, and be prudent in the liberty which is generally supposed to be allowed to married women. But be always ready to go out when your husband wishes, or your social duties require it. Be not dazzled by the pomps and the vain splendor of the world; and do not seek delight in the pleasures which it offers to the young and gay. Solomon had seen and tasted all the delights and fascinations of the world, and he pronounced them all to be vanity and affliction of spirit. God alone can satisfy and render happy the human heart, which has been created only to love and enjoy Him. The treasures, enjoyments, and creatures of the earth may distract and please it for a moment, but they cannot satisfy its cravings, cannot give it peace. The disgust they leave behind attests their vanity. No pleasure on earth can be compared with that which is the fruit of heavenly peace; peace which none can imagine, save those who live in the fear and love of God. Ah! one only drop of that, which surpasses all understanding, is far more worth than every human consolation. That peace is not false nor transient; but real and enduring: for as long as we live virtuously and piously, it will abide with us, and after death will follow us to the realms of bliss—such is the peace which the world cannot give!

Keep your heart and soul, as far as possible, fixed on God. Meditate frequently his infinite grandeur, and the eternal recompense which he has in store for those who love him and serve him faithfully on earth. Compare the pleasures of heaven with those of the world, and see how the latter vanish, like a shadow, before those of the former. By so doing, it will be an easy task while living in the midst of the world, to preserve your fidelity to heaven, and be a good wife, an excellent mother, a wise and virtuous matron. Moreover, your pious example will animate others, will be pleasing to your husband, and render religion more endearing to him. Edu-

cate, with sedulous care, your children, and train them up as so many citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem. You will, thus, spread through your household, your friends, and the votaries of the world itself, the sweet fragrance of Christian virtues, and will convince them that to practise them is not as difficult as is generally supposed: for which it is not necessary to fly to the desert, nor withdraw from the rank in society to which they have been called.

For myself—unworthy servant of the Lord—who am capable only of suggesting some salutary advice, to one who hardly needs it—I pray his goodness to accept what I have written in supplication for your future prosperity. Nor should I have had the courage to attempt this task, had not your most excellent father condescended to request it of me. Receive it, as the outpourings of a sincere heart, which desires your temporal and eternal welfare; and overlook the inelegance and plainness of my style. Do not forget me in your fervent prayers, and be assured, that you shall always have a place in mine. Persevere to the end, in the sweet and sacred love of God, in the peace of our blessed Redeemer, under the protection of Mary, his most holy mother, the model of a Christian wife: and believe me to be, with profound esteem, most noble countess, your devoted and obliged friend.

ANNA MARIA MAROVICH.

VENICE, *July 19th*, 1845.

OUR MARTYRS, No. VIII.

RENE MESNARD, S. J. 1660.*

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

WHEN we read that a missionary was stationed at Tadoussac or Onondaga, and having taught the natives at Sault St. Marie, died among the Natchez, we must not forget how different the face of the country now is from that on which they labored long before our celtic hands had changed the mighty forest into the thriving city. Mountain, lake, and wood, often echoed to no voice save his own, as with his little package of church furniture on his back, and his breviary on his neck, the father toiled day by day to reach the spot his superior had appropriated to him. His couch, the rock, often grateful if a few dry leaves could furnish a bed, whenever he dared to sleep a few hours, for often the fear of the savage, denizens of the wood, forced him to press forward the livelong night. "The Indian missionary," says one of the superiors, "must become indifferent to the cold, withstand snow and ice without fire, must keep a perpetual fast, live on moss or broiled leather, and rejoice if one meal is doled out in two days, never use a bed, be ever employed, and be ever ready for the tomahawk, which daily, aye, more than daily, threatens his life."

All these qualities were found in the subject of this memoir, as we are assured by the same superior, together with a piety unequalled, a zeal which no obstacles, no disappointments could damp, a courage which no dangers could overcome.

The obscurity which envelopes the end of his career, has thrown its shadows over the commencement too. We know that he was a native of France, and the

* Authorities: Charlevoix 1, pp. 323, 329, 356. Creuxius 280, &c. Relation decequi est passe.

companions of his toils tell us he was born about the year 1603.

In the following paper, then, we must regard him as a brilliant light, rising occasionally amid the darkness, and again and again throwing its mild and genial radiance around us before it sank for ever.

He left France in 1640, sailing from Dieppe, in March of that year, with F. Joseph Pierron and two lay brothers and some Ursuline nuns. Just as they left the land they encountered a most terrible storm, in which all had well nigh perished. Every one had recourse to prayer, and F. Mesnard recommended himself to St. Joseph, the patron of the country to which he was proceeding.* The storm had a beneficial effect on all on board, and the vessel, during the remainder of the voyage, seemed like a floating chapel, so attentive were all on board, not only to the sacrifice of the mass, which was often celebrated, and the offices of the church, but also to the ascetic readings, given by the fathers. Indeed, no one failed to approach the sacraments. The voyage being happily ended, they reached Tadoussac in June, and were in Quebec on the 8th of July, 1640.

F. Mesnard, as soon as he was recovered from the fatigues of his voyage, was sent to the Algonquins and stationed at St. Catharine's.

Here he remained two years, and had just arrived at Huronia when FF. Jogues and Raymbault returned from Sault St. Marie. The latter father was sent to the Nipissiriens, and Father Mesnard accompanied him. Lake Huron, beautiful and clear, though it is, is as fearful as the ocean when the wintry storms arise; those storms now swept the lake, and where a stout ship would not be safe, the birch cane of the fathers was in the utmost peril. They fearlessly endeavored to pursue their course, but were driven back. In April, he and F. Pijart set out for this mission from St. Catharine's. Here they remained instructing them till September. The hardships they endured, the want of food and clothing, had almost reduced them to the state of beasts, for they were more wretched than the miserable savages. They preached at first to the chiefs, but with little success. They were held in so little esteem by the chiefs, that one of them, apparently Father Mesnard, was knocked down and nearly strangled. They now turned from the cabins of the great and preached to the people: these listened with attention, and the discourses of the fathers produced great fruit, yet they, with pious caution, baptized only in *articulo mortis*. The Nipissiriens every winter abandoned their settlement, and migrated to Huronia, that they might more easily procure means of subsistence. The fathers awaited the coming of winter with anxiety, as they hoped for greater fruit from the example of the Hurons; nor were they disappointed.

When the fall was drawing to a close, and the forests, in which Lake Huron was embosomed, were now presenting their most enchanting aspect, from the thousand colors the dead and dying leaves presented, contrasted with the deep green of the evergreens; while the clouds of birds in busy activity were preparing to depart for a warmer clime, like them, the Nipissiriens launched their vessels on the lake, and the fathers embarked with them to share their life together.

> "Over Huron's lucid lake,
> Where the wave, as clear as dew,
> Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
> Which reflected floating there,
> Looks as if it hung in air."

They had scarcely pitched their cabins in Huronia, in December, when a change came over the minds of the Nipissiriens. Alimoueskan, a renowned chief, bowed his neck to the yoke of Christ, and receiving in baptism the name of Eustace, proved himself by his piety worthy of

* It was revealed to the venerable Mother Mary, of the Incarnation, when in France, in a vision, in which the land in which she was to end her days was shown to her, that this country was under the special patronage of the glorious St. Joseph. See the Life of the Ven. M. Mary, of the Incarnation, foundress of the Ursuline convent, at Quebec, by F. Charlevoix, pp. 175, 201.

that name which the gallant Ahasistari bore. Other conversions now rapidly followed to gladden the hearts of the fathers with a rich ghostly harvest.

And here for a time we leave Mesnard to gaze on another mission field, one for which a Jesuit of his day sighed and toiled more earnestly than adventurer ever did for an El Dorado or fountain of perpetual youth.

This was the country of the Iroquois.

The peace which led to the deliverance of Father Poncet, "that great religious, one of the brightest lights of the company," presented to the Company of Jesus a prospect, the brightest that had yet dawned on that region. The sun of truth was just rising over her mountain tops "to enlighten them that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death."* The blood of the martyrs had not been shed in vain; the example of those who had suffered, "but not to death," had not been without its effect, while the influence of the Christian Hurons, who had become naturalized among them, inclined them so favorably that several of the cantons asked for blackgowns.

The following year F. Simon Le Moyne was sent to Onondaga to ratify the treaty in the name of the governor general. A mutual confidence prevailed, and F. Le Moyne proposed building his cabin in their canton. They did not oppose this, but on the contrary, selected a site for him. The Hurons were true to their faith, and by their example had converted some whom Father Simon baptized. On his return there were in his canoe two Onondagas, and some Hurons and Algonquins attended him in another; while on their way some Mohawks, led by a half breed called by the French the Dutch bastard, attacked, killing all but F. Simon and one Onondaga. They bound the Father, and were bearing him off as a prisoner of war, bidding the Onondaga go home again. The Onondaga chief sternly refused; he had been charged by his sachems with Ondesson's safe conduct, and he threatened the vengeance of his canton if F. Simon was not permitted to proceed. The Mohawks at first laughed at him, but finding him resolute, they untied the father, and restored him to his faithful guard who took him safely to Montreal. Father Le Moyne concealed this, fearing that it might induce the governor to interfere with his plan of a mission, and when it was discovered, the Mohawk tribe disavowed it.

Hostilities were soon commenced by the Mohawks. A Jesuit lay brother, John Liegeois, was shot near Sillery, his head cut off and his scalp carried away in triumph. But a party of the enemy being soon after this defeated, with the loss of a celebrated chief and another warrior, by an Algonquin woman of the Christian band at Sillery, they asked for peace and a missionary. As they were pressing in their demand, and Le Moyne more pressing still, their request was granted, and that father was again chosen. He must be regarded as the founder of Catholicity in New York, as he was the first to establish a permanent mission. He left Montreal on the 16th of August, 1655, with 12 Iroquois and two Frenchmen. Their journey was long and tedious; they were however well supplied with food, having met a drove of bisons (vaches sauvages). They reached the Mohawk castle on the 16th of September.

Here he was well received by the sachems in the Indian manner, and three belts of wampum, the usual record of Indian treaties, delivered to him. The signification of these was this: the first was to stanch the blood shed on the long and perilous journey he had come, the second to comfort his heart, and the third to soothe and rest him. On the following day he addressed them, delivered his presents and preached. His long acquaintance with Indian manners enabled him to render his preaching pleasing to them,

* The arms of the state of New York are the sun rising above the mountains.

invoking, as he did, the vengeance of God upon himself, if he spoke not things most true.

Having baptized the infant of a Huron woman, he visited the Dutch by whom he was well received.* Returning to the village, he remained till winter, and on the ninth of November set out for Montreal. He was nearly killed by a madman before setting out. The party lost their way in their wildness, and arrived opposite Montreal after incredible hardships.

While F. Le Moyne was thus founding a mission in eastern New York, ambassadors came to Quebec from the Onondagas (Onontaeronons. Fr.) to treat of peace with the French. They too solicited blackgowns, and in a council held with them on the twelfth of September, FF. Joseph Chaumont and Claude Dablon were chosen, and set out that day week from Quebec to advance, like Le Moyne, into that region whose earth was still red with the blood, and whose air was thick with the smoke that rose from the death piles of their fellow priests and countrymen. They left Montreal on the seventh of October, 1655, and sailed through Lake St. Louis: on the tenth, which was Sunday, they said mass on the shore, using the juice of the wild grape for wine. They reached Onondaga in good health on the fifth of November. Here they were hospitably welcomed, and at their desire a general convention was held. F. Chaumont, who had long been an Indian missionary, delivered the presents and addressed the assembled chiefs and people, and by his eloquence and address, with the help of God's grace, engaged their attention and moved them to embrace the faith in a manner which so excited the wonder of Dablon, as yet but a novice in the mission, that it seemed to him as if the word of God had been preached to all the nations of that land. The next day the fathers were surrounded by a crowd of chiefs and people, shouting, "Happy land! happy land! in which the French are to dwell!" "Glad tidings! it is well, we have a heavenly message!"

When these welcome ceremonies were over, they resolved to build a chapel, which was accordingly laid out on the 16th, after mass, and the next day the zealous people erected a chapel dedicated by the fathers to SS. Peter and Paul. This first Catholic church in New York was built on a hill near Butternut Creek. "It is true, it was but of bark, not of marble and precious stones," says Dablon, "but the path to heaven is as open through a roof of bark as through arched ceilings of silver and gold."

The chapel was ever crowded, many were baptized; three infants were the first fruits of the mission: many adults followed.

Full of hope that the time had now arrived when the haughty Iroquois was to bend his neck to the sweet yoke of Christ, F. Chaumont resolved to remain and continue the great work, and to send F. Dablon back to Canada for more missionaries.

When Dablon announced in Quebec the flattering prospect open in Onondaga, it was determined to send a French colony; accordingly a colony of fifty, commanded by the Sieur Dupuys, set out from Quebec on the 17th of May, 1656.

They were accompanied by F. Francis Le Mercier, the superior general, as superior of the mission, F. René Mesnard and F. James Fremin, with two lay brothers.

They left Three Rivers on the 18th of June; their voyage was pleasant, though they suffered somewhat from insufficiency of food; the French not being able to fast like the Indians. Hearing that the Iroquois awaited them in force on Lake Gannentaha, Dupuys resolved to appear

* Dmie Megalapolensis, in a letter to the classes at Amsterdam, dated 29 September, 1659, says that Le Moyne visited New York ostensibly to thank him for his kindness to FF Jogues and Bressani, but really, as he thinks, on account of the papists in Manhattan; particularly some French sailors who had brought in a prize, and that he distributed much popish trash, apparently beads, &c., among them. Le Moyne told him of the Onondaga salt springs, but the Dominie thought as Le Moyne was a Jesuit, he might put it down as a lie.

to advantage; so he landed on the bank of the river and discharged his five pieces of artillery; re-embarking he entered the lake with two volleys of musketry. They reached the principal village of the tribe on the 11th of July, and were well received with the usual ceremonies. A solemn mass was offered on the 12th, and the "Te Deum" chanted to return thanks to God that he had at last permitted Christendom to establish itself in the country of the Iroquois; and on the 16th all the French received the holy housel. Thus piously, and in a truly Catholic manner, was the settlement begun.

At a general convocation of the people, held soon after, the question of adopting Christianity was debated by the sachems. The fathers preached to them with success, and that very day the deputies of Goyogouin or Cayugas solicited a priest, and F. Mesnard was granted to them.

The chapel was now enlarged, and the sanguine hopes of the company already included the rich lands of western New York in the pale of the church.

In 1657 the harvest appeared so fair in all the Iroquois cantons, the common people hearing the Gospel with simplicity and faith, and the old sachems pretending to be converted, that FF. Paul Raguenau and Du Peron left Montreal to join them.

Onondaga was the central mission, and from it fathers were sent in all directions to spread the glad tidings. Father Mesnard, as we have said, was stationed among the Cayugas, and on the borders of that fair lake he erected a chapel. Simple mats supplied the place of gorgeous hangings; pictures of our Lord and of our Lady adorned its rustic walls, and on these, in silent wonder, gazed the astonished children of Oiogöen.*

He had gone there at their own solicitation, yet was not free from danger. He possessed, however, all the requisites of a good missionary; death was ever before his eyes; when an Indian, armed with a knife, rushed on him to cut his throat, he looked on him without a shudder; another raised a tomahawk to kill him, but Father René did not quail.

This indifference to danger, it is true, soon becomes a part of the Indian missionary's character. "Our lives are not safe," said Mesnard, near two centuries ago. "Our lives are not safe," will F. Desmedt say to day. The fickle nature of the Indian, his impulsiveness, so to speak, soon teaches the good father not to trouble himself with perpetual fears—to leave all to God; returning thanks to God, if his guardian angel's outstretched arm has warded off the blow aimed at his life, or withheld the hand of the assailant; returning thanks to God, if he fall beneath the murderous blow, that he was thought worthy to end his life in his service.

Yet even among those thus trained, F. René's courage was remarkable, and he was called the fearless. Suffering and pain too were not omitted. The children treated him badly, and he bore on his face, to the day of his death, the scars of the many wounds and bruises he had received from them in the streets of the village of the Goyogouin.

In the year 1657 he included the Oneidas (Onneyouth, Fr.) also in his mission, and preached the faith to them. His success was equal to that of F. Chaumont among the Onondagas and Senecas.

In the first year he had gathered around him a church of four hundred Iroquois, whose piety consoled him for all his trouble. But in the following year it became apparent that the Iroquois were not sincere. The Mohawks instigated the western country to war. On the third of August a number of Hurons were massacred, and on the ninth of the next month the fathers wrote to Quebec to tell them there of the danger in which they were. The Onondagas attempted to intercept and slay their messenger; he, however, managed to elude them, and reached the French settlements in safety,

* The Relation of 1656-7, which I have not had the good fortune to see, contains at page 158 a letter of F. René, doubtless with a full account of his mission.

The thunder cloud of the west, which was to overshadow and desolate this beautiful field, was now about to burst over the country of the lakes, and the situation of the mission excited the anxious solicitude of the clergy and people no less in France than in Canada. All trembled for their safety.

Meanwhile matters were rapidly approaching a crisis. A council of the sachems was held; here it was proposed to put the fathers to death, and it was resolved upon, and that too, almost without a word of opposition. The people also had, like their fickle leaders, abandoned the fathers, and in their eagerness to commence the work of death, had prepared the stakes and piles, while the chiefs were yet in session. One sachem was faithful to his friends, and by an artful address obtained a delay.

Having given up all hope of reinforcements from Canada, the French had determined to abandon the settlement. The superior had now called in all the missionaries. Father Mesnard, to his great grief, heard the summons, but obeyed and left his little church of the wilderness, and his little hut of fir branches in which he dwelt, having been driven out by a chief and compelled to build a hut for himself.

On the 20th of March, 1658, the French abandoned the settlement which they had founded in the wilderness, and with all the fathers set out for Quebec. After a thousand dangers they reached Montreal on the 3d of April. Thus ended the first French effort to colonize New York, and the first parmanent Iroquois mission.

The site of the colony is still apparent by the remains of the fortification which enclosed it, and the spade and the plough-share are turning up at times memorials of the mission, medals, crosses and crucifixes, which have induced the publication of archæological essays, as to their nature, use and origin, with divers sage suggestions and hints, proving their authors more versed in bigotry than history, in Ojibbewa than in Latin; and blessed with such an ignorance of the doctrines, rites and practices of the Catholic church, that one might almost think the limits of our land included none who thought as Mesnard thought, or else that a premium had been offered for ignorance, so eagerly do they strive to display it.

The bell, which had called the catechumens of Onondaga to the cabin of prayer, served for a long time after to summon the sachems to council. It was at last broken, and was found in this state about twenty years ago, in the town of Manlius, the site of the old mission.*

But to return to the subject of our memoir. F. Mesnard now returned to Quebec, awaiting some new ground to be chosen by his superiors.

This was soon presented: a party of Ottawas (short ears) accompanied two traders to Quebec from Lake Superior, in 1656, to seek an alliance with the French, and to procure missionaries. This party consisted of five hundred men, and came in fifty canoes. They were well received by the French, a treaty was concluded, and in August 30th, 1656, they departed, accompanied by Fathers Dreuillettes and Leonard Gareau, long a missionary to the Hurons: but a small part of their voyage had been passed when the Mohawks attacked and dispersed them. F. Gareau was mortally wounded.

Intent on effecting their object, another party of three hundred set out in 1660, from Green Bay, in sixty canoes. They reached the French in safety.

*Schooleraft's Notes on the Iroquois, p. 236. The Indian account given by him, is that the French excited the ire of the Onondagas by the hostility of some western tribes in their influence. The Onondagas, marching against them, were attacked by the French. They were then expelled and massacred. "*All were killed but a priest who lived between the present towns of Salina and Liverpool. He refused to go peaceably, they then put a chain around a ploughshare, and heating it, hung it about his neck. He was thus tortured to death. His hut was standing when the country was settled.*" I find nothing in any French account to give any support to this. A priest, however, might have been with the party of Spaniards killed at Pompey in 1669. See Furman's Notes on Denton's New York.

The hope of establishing a permanent mission in the west revived, and F. Mesnard was selected to accompany the party who had, like the former, requested priests.

The following letter, written on accepting this charge, will furnish a better picture of the missionary than any words of ours.

"*My Reverend Father—Pax Christi.*

"I write you probably for the last time, and I wish my words to be the seal of our friendship till eternity. Ama quem Dominus Jesus non dedignat amare quanquam maximum peccatorem; amat enim quem dignatur suæ crucis—that your friendship, my good father, may be profitable to me in the desired fruits of your holy sacrifices. In three or four months you may put me in the memento of the dead, considering the mode of life of these people, my age and my delicate health. In spite of which I have felt such eager promptings, and I have seen in this matter so little of *nature*, that I could not but feel that if I now failed to correspond to this *grace*, I should have an eternal remorse for it.

"We have been a little surprised at not being able to provide ourselves with clothes and other necessaries; but He, who feeds the little birds and clothes the lilies of the field, will take care of his servants, and should misery come upon us, it will be a great happiness.

"I am overwhelmed with business. All that I can do is to recommend our voyage to your holy sacrifices, and to embrace you with the same heart that I trust to do it in eternity.

"My Reverend Father,

Your very humble and affectionate
Servant in Jesus Christ,
R. MESNARD.

"*From Three Rivers, the 2d of August,* (*2 hours after midnight,*) 1660.

"God is always God; he makes us feel it more sweetly and more lovingly when the crosses suffered for him are the greatest."

The church has applied to the apostles the word of the prophet king: "Euntes ibant et flebant mittentes semina sua," and truly applicable are they to the apostolic career of F. Mesnard.

His last words were prophetic of the crosses which he was to bear. The Ottawas had sued for a blackgown, yet their treatment of him was that of an enemy rather than of a friend. He was several times thrown overboard, and was compelled to swim for a great distance; his breviary was taken from him and thrown into the water; and besides this, he was so scantily supplied with food, that he could barely maintain life. As they proceeded, their stock was found insufficient, and as the canoe in which he was had been injured by a tree falling on it, and was unfit to proceed, he and some others were left behind, while the rest proceeded to their settlement. While thus abandoned he suffered terribly; without food, without covering, he would have died if he had not made a sort of broth from some bones lying on the shore. Amid all these trials nothing, he tells us, brought so much comfort to his heart as the parting words of Bishop Laval. "Every human consideration, dear Father, would detain you here; but God, more powerful than all our considerations, wills you to go to the country for which you are departing."

At the end of six days a party appeared to transport them to their winter quarters at the Anse, or Bay of Keweena, on the southern shore of Lake Superior. As he reached the Anse, on the festival of St. Teresa, he named it after that glorious saint. Here he rested for a while to recover from the fatigues of his journey, and to observe his missionary field. He found a few Catholics here, of many different nations, and converts soon added to their number. The piety of his French companions was a great consolation to him, and enabled him to bear up the horrors of the winter during which he lived almost altogether on acorns and

bark. The cruel treatment of the Ottawas continued, and seems ascribable, like some of the Iroquois cruelties, to the efforts of the heathen Hurons, who, with the rest of their nation, were now scattered all along the line of the great lakes. They attributed their destruction as a nation to the presence of the Catholic priests, and dated from the fathers' arrival the commencement of their downfall; and they easily induced the nations, in which they had become naturalized, to check the first priests lest the fate of Hurondom should be theirs also.

Beside the harshness with which they treated him, he found in the habits of the people many obstacles. Polygamy was common, and the efforts of the father to induce them to abandon this, and retain but one wife, excited the strongest opposition to his teaching.

Nevertheless, he labored on here for eight months. While he was thus toiling in the Anse of St. Teresa, he received an imploring request from a little band of Christian Hurons on the lake, to visit and console them. They dwelt on the island of St. Michael, an island over against the bay of Chegoimegon, whither they had fled on the overthrow of the nation. Deprived of the services of a priest, the exiles had not forgotten their religion, and as soon as they heard of the arrival of F. Mesnard at St. Teresa, they sent a party to invite him to come and break the bread of life to them.

This call was one he could not resist, and he at once bade farewell to his countrymen and his neophytes. All endeavored to dissuade him from attempting a journey of three hundred miles through the wilderness, encompassed by a thousand dangers. All but one. John Guerin alone, a very holy man, who had been a servant of the Jesuit Fathers for twenty years, encouraged him to proceed. This determined him. He bade them a final farewell, exclaiming, as an answer to all their objections, "St. Francis Xavier, who seemed so necessary to the world for the conversion of souls, did well in the attempt to enter China, and shall I, one good for nothing, for fear of dying on the way, refuse to obey the voice of my God calling me to assist poor Christians and Catholics so long deprived of a pastor. No! no! I could not suffer souls to perish under pretext of preserving the life of a wretch like me. What! not serve God, not aid our neighbor when there is nothing to suffer, no risk of life. This is the best occasion to show angels and men that I love my Maker more than the life he gave me, and would you have me lose it?"

Telling them in fine that he could not end his days more gloriously than in gaining souls to Christ, he departed. His last words were, vous neme reverrez plus.

He set out on the 13th of June, 1661, from the bay of St. Teresa, by the way of the lake and the portage, for the bay of Chegoimegon, (Sha-gwa-megon on our maps,) accompanied by some Hurons and Guerin. His provisions were a bag of boucan or dried meat, and some dry sturgeon.

On their way they came near a village. The Hurons started off to get some food, Guerin set to work to drag the canoe over the portage, and F. Mesnard strolled on in advance, and by some mistake lost his way, August 20th, 1661. As soon as Guerin saw that the father did not appear, he set out to look for him, accompanied by the Hurons, who had returned before his labor was through. They searched in every direction without success, until some of the Hurons perceived a hostile party of Indians near.

There is little doubt he was carried off by the Sioux, for his wallet was found not long after, in the possession of an Indian who would give no information as to his mode of obtaining it. And many a long day after, a fellow missionary found his cassock and his breviary among the precious stores of the lodge of a medicine-man among the Sioux. Yet the fathers of the company in Canada seem to have believed that he died of want or exposure

in the woods, and as he had but two days food with him, they regarded the octave of the Assumption as the day of his death in their commemoration of him. The Almighty to whose service he so fearlessly devoted himself, alone knows whether he reached the true Canaan, the home of endless joys which it hath not entered into the mind of man to conceive, through the Red Sea of his own blood, or by a long and painful wandering in the wilderness.

He was fifty-seven years old, and twenty of these had been spent on the mission. He was of a feeble and delicate constitution, yet he labored indefatigably. In preaching to his countrymen he was almost always blessed with copious tears. Full of courage, his courage was cowardice compared to his zeal, which was boundless. His success as a missionary among the Algonquins, Hurons, and Iroquois was so great, that he early acquired from his superiors the title of Pater Frugifer. His converts were his joy, and to them he devoted himself; and though their number was great, his zeal was unabated.

His good servant, John, did not long survive him. A few months after, while kneeling in the canoe in prayer, a gun in the hands of one of his comrades, went off accidentally, and its contents entered his side. Uttering the holy name of Jesus, he calmly expired. He was a model of piety, industry and zeal.

The present state of the Anse and Shagwamegon will show how arduous a mission it was on which Father Mesnard embarked.

Nearly two centuries had passed away, and the Indians on lake Superior were scarce disturbed by the white settlers, when on the 28th of July, 1835, Father Baraga founded a mission at La Pointe, in the bay of Chegoimegon, which Father René failed to reach. Having labored long and successfully here, in May, 1843, he first visited F. Mesnard's old mission at the Anse. The worthy successor* of the indefatigable and zealous René Mesnard returned and reëstablished that mission on the 24th of October, 1843, just one hundred and eighty-three years after the founding of the first.

He, too, is a Pater Frugifer.

J. D. S.

* He is not the immediate successor of Mesnard. A few years after the latter's death, F. Alloues (or Dalves) undertook the Ottawa mission, and penetrated to Fond du Lac. He spent many years in that part of the west. The missions were constantly visited from the establishment of the Fathers at the bay of the Puants, (Green Bay,) till the suppression of the Society of Jesus, which left the white man and the red man bereft of the consolations of religion for many years.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL,

FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

BY B. U. CAMPBELL.

Continued from page 186.

AVING presented in the several preceding numbers of these memoirs, some historical sketches of the introduction and progress of Catholicity in Pennsylvania and New York, down to the period of Rev. Mr. Carroll's first visit, a similar notice of New Jersey would now seem appropriate, both on account of proximity, and because the early missions of New Jersey were served by priests from the two former states. But the writer has not as yet been able to obtain adequate materials for this purpose. It is known that Rev. Mr. Harding, who was a priest in Philadelphia in 1762, occasionally visited New Jersey, and Rev. F. Farmer, for many years, performed missionary duty in that state at several places. In his baptismal register, the following among other places are named: Geiger's, 1759; Charlottenburg, 1769; and in the year 1776, Morris county, Long Pond, and Mount Hope; and in 1785, Sussex county, Ringwood, and Hunterdon.

In his semi-annual visits to New York, which were continued until 1786, the last year of his life, Father Farmer also visited an interesting Catholic settlement, known then, and now, by the name of Macopin. Of this mission, the writer has been promised some particulars, by one of its late pastors, which may appear in a future number. Macopin was settled by a colony of Germans from the Rhine, near Cologne, who came to New Jersey to conduct iron works, which were commenced there about the middle of the eighteenth century. The following notice of this Catholic colony appeared recently in the Freeman's Journal, New York:

"Macopin, N. J.—One of the oldest and most interesting Catholic congregations in the whole country, is to be found in this wild little place, fifteen miles distant from Paterson. The first settlement was made here by two German families some time before the American Revolution. They were a long time without seeing a priest, till at length a Mr. Langrey, from Ireland, paid them a visit. After this the Rev. Mr. Farmer, from Philadelphia, visited Mount Hope, in the vicinity of Macopin, twice a year. He continued doing so for ten years, during which time the revolution of 1776 took place. These semi-annual visits were afterwards continued by Mr. Malinx, Mr. Katen and Mr. Kresgel, the last named priest was a German, and visited them first in 1775."

In hopes of materials for a more extended account of the Catholic missions of New Jersey, for some future number of these memoirs, the writer will pass to the history of Catholicity in New England.

Long before the "Pilgrim Fathers" arrived at Plymouth, the Catholic faith had been preached, and Catholic worship had been exercised within the present limits of New England. That portion of the state of Maine which lies east of the Kennebeck, was claimed and possessed by the French until the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Whilst as early as 1611, Bancroft says, "The arrival of Jesuit priests was signalized by conversions among the natives."* In the following year, De Bien-

* Hist. U. S., vol. i, p. 27.

court and Father Biart explored the coast as far as the Kennebec, and ascended that river. A settlement was made in 1613 on the eastern side of Mount Desert Island, "where the Jesuits fixed their settlement; and setting up a cross, celebrated mass, and called the place St. Saviour."* Bancroft remarks, "The conversion of the heathen was the motive to the settlement; the natives venerated Biart as a messenger from heaven; and under the summer sky, raised a cross in the centre of the hamlet, matins and vespers were regularly chanted. France and the Roman religion had appropriated the soil of Maine."† F. Massie is mentioned as the associate of F. Biart.

This little settlement was soon after attacked and broken up by Captain Argal, from Virginia.‡ Subsequently some missionaries of the Franciscan order established themselves at Pentagoet, on the river Penobscot in Maine; and were found there in 1646, by Father Gabriel Dreuillettes, a Jesuit; who, says Bancroft, "first of Europeans made the long and painful journey from the St. Laurence to the sources of the Kennebec, and descending that stream to its mouth, in a bark canoe, continued his roamings on the open sea along the coast. The cross was already planted there,—raised by the disciples of St. Francis over their humble lodge near the mouth of the Penobscot. After a short welcome, the earnest apostle returned to the wilderness; and, a few miles above the mouth of the Kennebec, the Indians in large numbers gathered about him, building a rude chapel;—the Jesuit succeeded in winning the affections of the savages; and after a pilgrimage of ten months, an escort of thirty conducted him to Quebec, full of health and joy."§

Father Dreuillettes was the first missionary sent by the Jesuits to preach to the Abnakis Indians in Maine—now the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes. It is stated that this missionary visited both Boston and Plymouth in behalf of the Indians, and it appears he was treated in both places with kindness.*

In a letter from the late Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, to the writer, in January 1844, he says, "In the year 1684 Father Claude, a Jesuit, and M. Thury, a secular priest, served the missions of eastern Maine from the rivers St. John and St. Croix to the shore." The first successor to these missionaries, of whom the writer has been able to find any account, was Father Rale or Rasles. During more than thirty years spent among the Indians of Maine, his name and character became the subject of many historical notices. The strong prejudices of the early settlers of New England against the religion of Rale, their hostility to the French, and their stern policy towards the Indians—which often led to fearful retaliations against the English settlers—all contributed to produce feelings of distrust and enmity to F. Rale, which were frequently manifested during his life, and led to his violent death. And while the same causes would account for the illiberal notices of him which appear in the early local historians, there were superadded the desire to excuse or palliate the injustice and cruelty of a large border population to the Indians, and the inhumanity of an excited soldiery to F. Rale himself. It has been reserved for enlightened New England scholars of our own times to vindicate the reputation of this calumniated servant of God from the slanders of bigoted partisans of the last century. Among those benefactors of histo-

* Hist. U. S., vol. i, p. 28.

† Holmes' American Annals, vol. i, p. 143.

‡ See an interesting article in the April number of this Magazine, *Our Martyrs*, No. V.

§ Hist. U. S., vol. iii, pp. 135–6.

* The following notice of this mission occurs in a letter from F. Jerome Lallemand, in 1650, to F. Claude de Lingendes, provincial de la Compagnie de Jesus en la province de France. "Father Gabriel Dreuillettes, after having passed four winters in several missions among the savages, went to pass the fifth among the Abnaquiois, who came with many testimonials of affection towards their patriarch, (as they called him,) and towards his doctrine: God, perhaps, will draw more good from this voyage than we can foresee. We have received letters from him since his arrival there, which give us cause for much hope." *Relation* de ce qui s'est passe en la mission des Peres de la Compagnie de Jesus, aux Huros, et aux pais plus bas de Nouvelle France, depuis l'este de l'annee 1649, jusques a l'este de l'annee 1650—page 176. A Paris, MDCLI.

ry, the late Rev. Dr. Harris, of Dorchester, is conspicuous, for the brief but interesting notice of F. Rale furnished to the Massachusetts Historical Society.* A much more copious and elaborate biography, written by Convers Francis, D. D., appears in Sparks' "Library of American Biography."† While in "The early Jesuit Missions, by Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip,‡ we have two letters from F. Rale, written from Maine in 1722 and 1723, containing interesting information of his mission; and a letter from F. De la Chasse, superior general of missions in New France, written from Quebec in 1724, giving a sketch of the life, together with the French and Indian account of the death of Father Rale. These three letters are translations from the "Lettres Edifiantes."

Dr. Francis has consulted both French and American authorities, and compared them, with a manifest zeal for the truth, —unconsciously influenced by a natural tender sensibility for the reputation of his New England countrymen. His appreciation of the labors and character of the pious missionary, though more philosophical than religious, is creditable to the candor of one whose speculative opinions on doctrines of religion differ so widely from those of the subject of his biography. To the elegant work of Dr. Francis the writer is principally indebted for the following sketch of the most distinguished among the early Catholic missionaries of New England.

Sebastian Rale was a Frenchman, born in 1657 or 1658, of a respectable family in the province Franche Comté. He was educated at a Jesuit college, and his reputation as a scholar proved that his opportunities for learning had not been wasted. He had been professor of Greek, and of rhetoric at Nismes.

At the age of thirty-two, in Oct'r, 1689, he arrived at Quebec. His first station was with a tribe of Abnakis Indians,—numbering about 200,—who inhabited a village three leagues from Quebec. This little community were already converts to Christianity. Among these people he passed, as he says, his missionary apprenticeship, devoting himself to the study of their language, which he had commenced immediately on his arrival in Quebec. After five months of patient perseverance, he was able to compose a catechism of Christian doctrine in their language. Dr. Francis says:

"Rale confesses, that for some time he found great difficulty in overcoming the disgust he felt at taking his meals with the Indians. They would boil a medley of materials in their kettle, serve up the food thus rudely prepared in porringers of bark, and hand it about to all present. It may easily be supposed, that a man recently from the tables of one of the most refined nations in Europe would feel but little inclination for such a repast. 'What I saw,' he says, 'certainly did not whet my appetite. The Indians took notice of my repugnance to their viands, and said, "Why do you not eat?" I replied, that I was not used to eating my food thus, without any bread. "You must overcome your scruples," said they; "and is this so hard for a father who understands prayer* perfectly? We, on our part, have difficulties to get over, in order to have faith in what we cannot see." Then I could hesitate no longer; it became necessary to accommodate myself to their manners and usages, that I might win their confidence, and gather them into the fold of Christ.'"

In the words of the same biographer: "A new and far distant scene of labor now awaits our devoted missionary. He is to be numbered with that memorable company of Jesuit priests, whom religious zeal inspired to traverse the wilds of our 'mighty west' in the seventeenth century, and on the shores of its vast rivers and

* Collections Mass. Historical Society, 8th vol. 2d series.
† Vol. 7, new series. Boston: 1845.
‡ Wiley & Putnam: New York, 1846—vol. 1.

* It will be remembered that the natives used the word *prayer* as equivalent to *religion* or *Christianity*.

lakes to gather the red men around the sign of the cross. The history of our continent has few pages of more sacred and romantic interest, than those which record the toils, the bravery, the sufferings of these men. Their story, which for a long time had been comparatively unknown or neglected, has recently awakened the interest it deserves. Whatever judgment may be passed upon the faith of their church, or the character of their order, all must feel that their fearless devotedness, their severe labors, their meek but heroic self-sacrifice, have thrown a peculiar charm over the early history of a region in which the restless spirit of American enterprise is going forth to such magnificent results."

After spending two years among the Abnakis, he cheerfully obeyed the orders of his superiors to take the place vacated by the death of a missionary among the Illinois Indians. In 1691 or 1692 he repaired to Quebec, and having spent three months in studying the language of the Algonquins, "About the middle of August he departed on his cheerless journey to the region of Illinois river. The light of faith went with him, and brightened his path through eight hundred leagues of a wilderness inhabited by savages. 'I had to traverse,' says he, 'immense lakes, on which storms are as common as on the ocean;' and this in a frail canoe, which was also his only conveyance through the dangerous rapids of the rivers. Hunger frequently pressed hard upon him and his companions..... When he reached Mackinac, between the lakes Huron and Michigan, the season was too far advanced to permit him to proceed further at that time. He accordingly sojourned there during the severity of the winter, and had the pleasure of finding two brother missionaries as companions."

"When spring opened, Rale pursued his journey. In forty days he arrived at the Illinois river. Following its course fifty leagues he reached an Indian village consisting of three hundred wigwams, where he received a hearty and respectful welcome."

After two years spent with the Illinois Indians, he was recalled to a station among the Abnakis.

"The mission assigned him, on his return, was at an Indian settlement on the banks of the river Kennebec. This place he calls *Nanrantsouack*, which Charlevoix alters to *Narantsoak*.* The river, Rale remarks, must be named *Kinibeki* on the map, which, he adds, has induced some of the French to give the natives the designation of *Kanibals*. Here he spent the remainder of his days, and here, at the post of duty, he met at length a bloody death.

"In this position of loneliness and danger he lived, as far as we can learn, among the men of the forest as a brother, as one with them in their interests, wants, and sympathies."

In a letter written by Father Rale, dated Narantsouak, 15th October, 1722, he says, "I am in a district of that vast extent of country which is between Acadia and New England. *Two other* missionaries, as well as myself, are engaged there among the Abnakis Indians, but we are separated very far from each other. The Abnakis Indians, besides the two villages which they have in the midst of the French colony, have also three other settlements on the borders of a river. There are three rivers which empty into the sea, to the south of Canada, between New England and Acadia."† He describes Narantsouack as a village on the banks of a river which empties into the sea at the distance of thirty leagues below. "I have erected a church there, which is neat, and elegantly ornamented. I have, indeed, thought it my duty to spare nothing either in the decoration of the building itself, or in the beauty of those articles that are used in

* The place is called *Norridgwock* by the New England historians. This name now designates the pleasant village in the state of Maine, near which, on a beautiful bend of the river, was situated the Indian community, to whom Rale ministered. Dr. Belknap writes it *Norridgwog*.

† Kip's Early Jesuit Missions, part i, p. 2.

our holy ceremonies. Vestments, chasubles, copes and holy vessels, are all highly appropriate, and would be esteemed so even in our churches in Europe. I have also formed a little choir of about forty young Indians, who assist at divine service in cassocks and surplices. They have each their own appropriate functions, as well at the sacrifice of mass as in chanting the divine office, attending the benediction of the blessed sacrament, and for the processions, which they make with great crowds of Indians, who often come from a long distance to engage in these exercises, and you would be edified by the beautiful order they observe, and the devotion they manifest."

In the words of Dr. Francis, "He lived for the object before him, as one who wished nothing better or higher. His warmest affections gathered round this little temple of the wilderness, where, amidst the loneliness of the ancient forest, the praise of God was chanted, as he believed, by sincere, though unenlightened worshippers, and the word of faith listened to by devout though uncultivated hearers. He commends with earnest expressions the piety of his converts, assuring the friend to whom he writes, that they were no longer the same men as before, and that the innocence of their lives was such as to leave but little for absolution at the confessional."

"At short distances from the village, the Indians built two small chapels, one dedicated to the Virgin, the other to the Guardian Angel. These chapels were placed near the paths, by which they went to the woods or the fields; and they never passed them without offering their devotions. The women, with zealous care, adorned them with such ornaments as their humble means allowed.

"In this solitary situation, the hours of the priest were, as he tells us, crowded with employment. Scarcely, one would think, could the most active minister of the largest congregation be so busy. Twice every day his disciples repaired to the church; early in the morning to attend mass, and at sunset to unite in the evening prayer. They chanted or recited aloud the prayers, which he prepared with a view to fix attention by interesting the imagination. Besides the regular preaching on Sundays and saints' days, he suffered few working days to pass without giving them some moral exhortation adapted to what he supposed to be their wants or dangers.*

"After the service of the mass, he instructed the children and others in the catechism. The remainder of the time till noon he spent in listening to their various applications. They repaired to him in great numbers, and with all the familiarity of confidence, to communicate their complaints, sorrows, or anxieties, and to consult him concerning their marriages or other private affairs. He gave the needful directions or comfort, restored peace among such as had quarrelled, reproved the culpable by reprimands tempered with affection, and endeavored to send them all home satisfied and happy. Whatever may have been the fruits of his painstaking, no one acquainted with the Indian character will doubt, that his daily task was one requiring no common share of patient, loving perseverance. The after-

* "I cannot forbear from inserting a beautiful picture of the scene portrayed, in a poem which supposes the time and place to be present, by one for whom may justly be claimed a high rank among the poets of our country.

'On the brow of a hill, which slopes to meet
The flowing river, and bathe its feet—
The bare-washed rock, and the drooping grass,
And the creeping vine, as the waters pass—
A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
Built up in that wild by unskilled hands;
Yet the traveller knows it a place of prayer,
For the holy sign of the cross is there;
And should he chance at that place to be,
Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,
When prayers are made and masses are said,
Some for the living and some for the dead,—
Well might that traveller start to see
The tall dark forms, that take their way
From the birch canoe, on the river shore,
And the forest paths to that chapel door;
And marvel to mark the naked knees
And the dusky foreheads bending there,—
And, stretching his long, thin arms over these
In blessing and in prayer.
Like a shrouded spectre pale and tall,
In his coarse white vesture, Father Ralle!'

Whittier's *Mogg Megone.*

noon he employed in visiting the sick, and those who required peculiar care or instruction. Having some medical skill, he acted as physician, administering such medicines as he judged best adapted to each case, and bestowing upon his patients as much as possible of his personal care.

"His own manner of living and diet were of course extremely simple. His constant food was Indian corn, of which, pounded in a mortar and boiled, he made hominy. The only condiment he could have was supplied by maple sugar, prepared in the spring by the women, who collected the sap of the trees in vessels of bark, and boiled it down. Père de la Chasse relates that sometimes, in the winter, when the provisions of the Indians failed, Rale was reduced to the necessity of living upon nuts and acorns, and that he was never better contented than in those seasons of scarcity. During the last three years of his life, when the hunting and planting of the savages were much interrupted by war, he frequently experienced the most extreme privations. When, on such occasions, his friends at Quebec sent him the provisions necessary to subsistence, he wrote to them, 'I am ashamed to have so much care taken of me; a missionary, born to suffer, ought not to fare so well.' It was his custom to prepare his daily food and fuel, to cultivate his garden, to repair his dwelling, and to mend his clothes with his own hands."

TREUGA DEI, OR THE TRUCE OF GOD.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

> No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
> Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
> The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
> Become them with one half so good a grace,
> As mercy does.—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ages of faith, excommunication was not, what it has been sarcastically termed now, the impotent dart of Priam, but rather the spear of Achilles. Neither triple brass, nor wall of stone—not the dazzling crown itself, could survive separation from the body of the church. Then, there was no enlightened sympathy with the exile, and men were scarcely bold enough to deny the authority of the successors of the apostles, and call their individual interpretations promised inspirations.

The sentence pronounced at Rome against Henry IV of Austria, spread consternation wherever it went, the resolute prepared for instant action, and the timid looked in vain for a peaceful asylum. There could be no neutrality, since not to serve the king, was to serve his antagonist. Throughout the empire the stern challenge was ringing—"Are you for the pope, or for the king?"—The gay and reckless champions of the court, the knights of the house of Franconia, and many a bold adventurer, crowded around the royal banner. Many a haughty prelate, too, seduced by avarice or ambition, urged on the monarch in his mad career.

But the enterprise of Rodolph and the lord of Hers had been most happily timed, and the chivalry of Suabia were prepared to follow their martial duke at a moment's warning. That warning followed shortly after the date of the last chapter. Gilbert had gained his chamber, as the morn was

breaking, and had hardly time to review the exciting events of the night, before an attendant announced his father's arrival. The lord of Hers had reached Zurich on his return, just as the tidings from Rome had been received; and without pausing an instant, he hurried across the lake to convey the intelligence to the king of Arles. The baron was himself too much excited with the momentous results at last developed, and the still more momentous sequel already shadowed forth in the uncertain future, to remark the nervous and somewhat jaded appearance of his son. His first words, after hastily embracing Gilbert, were—

"Where is the duke?"

"At Stramen castle," replied the youth.

"When did he arrive?"

"Last night," answered Gilbert, without reflecting that he was, as effectually as possible, giving his father a clue to his hair brained expedition with Humbert. It was well for him that the baron was too well satisfied with the information to inquire how it had been obtained; for, incapable of deceiving his parent, he would have been compelled, very reluctantly, to submit a brief account of his connexion with Ailred of Zurich, the minnesinger. A chilly anticipation of the question struck him, just as the words escaped his lips, and his cheek tingled as the blood came creeping against it. But, to his great relief, his father without noticing his confusion, turned to a soldier who stood behind him, and thus addressed him:

"Mount your best horse and ride for life and limb to Stramen castle! Here!" continued the baron, taking a fold of parchment from his breast, as the man, prompt to obey without question or hesitation, bowed and was going, "this for his highness the king of Arles. Guard it with your life from the enemies of the duke, and if you meet the serfs of Stramen, proclaim your errand. Away! spare neither spur nor rein!" cried the knight, as the man dashed fearlessly down the hill.

Rodolph of Suabia was scarcely less anxious to see the lord of Hers, than the latter had been to acquaint the duke with Gregory's rigorous measures. He felt assured, that the infamous conventicle at Worms must have been already met by the pope, and he thirsted for news from Rome. He knew that the lord of Hers would be first in possession of the facts, from his position along the Rhine; and anxious not to lose a moment in executing his plans, which were to be regulated by the action of the holy see, he could scarcely be prevailed upon to defer till daylight his return to Zurich by the castle of Hers.

The baron's envoy had not accomplished half the distance between the rival castles, before he met the duke, unattended, as was his wont, bearing rapidly down upon him. He was no stranger to the lordly bearing of the duke, for he had watched him in battle, when the strife was warmest and the fight most dubious. The moment he recognised him, he sprang from his horse, and uncovering his head and kneeling down, presented the parchment as Rodolph advanced. Without dismounting, the duke received the missive, and eagerly unrolling it began to read. The instrument contained a narrative of the proceedings of the council and a transcript of the sentence of excommunication. The noble's eagle eye flashed as it scanned the page, and his broad bosom heaved. He struck his breast in his excitement, and brandishing the parchment in the air, exclaimed aloud in a deep tremulous voice,—"Well done, thou noble pontiff!—Now, my brother Henry—the time has come,—and heaven be the judge between us!"

With these meaning words Rodolph galloped on, unmindful of the soldier behind him. Yet it would seem he had not entirely forgotten the messenger, for when alighting at the castle of Hers, he threw the man a largess such as had never fallen to his lot before.

The duke could not but smile when he saw Gilbert, and taking him aside, he whispered in his ear,—"You will soon

have an opportunity to display upon the battle field the gallantry of the Bohemian harp bearer, and to couch a lance for Suabia and the lady Margaret!"

"But how can I thank you for ——"

"Thank that generous priest and that noble girl!"—said Rodolph, interrupting the youth;—"I ran no risk in interposing: the baron of Stramen was but cancelling an old debt;—I intercepted a battle axe that was descending upon him at Hohenburg, and I asked mercy for you, in requital."

After a long interview, the duke and Albert of Hers resolved to assemble the chiefs of the ducal party at Ulm, and to fix the 15th of October for a general meeting, at Tribur, of all who would take up arms against the king.

Whilst the lord of Hers was engaged in persuading the duke of Bohemia and the bishops of Wurtzburg and Worms to repair to Ulm without delay, Gilbert was polishing his armor and exercising his barb. The stirring spirit of the times, the approaching honors of knighthood, with a golden chance of winning his spurs, assisted in diverting his mind from a melancholy contemplation of the hopelessness of his love. But even when brandishing his stout lance, or wheeling his good war horse, he would hear those withering words—"*The grave will anticipate her choice!*" followed by the fatal echo which came from her own lips, in solemn confirmation of the prophecy,—"*My days are numbered here!*" Nor could the dazzling dreams of young ambition, shut out the still more delicious sight of the lady Margaret, now kneeling before the Mater Dolorosa, now appealing to him with the pure emotion and wondrous beauty of an angel, and now clinging to her father between him and the battle axe.

Whilst the stern Sandrat de Stramen was preparing his vassals for the impending strife, and literally converting the scythe into the sword,—whilst he spared no expense or trouble in supplying his men with arms and horses, all gaily decorated to make a gallant show at Tribur —whilst the sturdy yeomen were leaving their ploughs in the fields to pay their rent by the service of shield and sword,—the lady Margaret uninfluenced by the warlike bustle, calmly pursued her meditations, her daily visits to the church, and her numberless acts of charity. She had a delicate and difficult duty to perform, in soothing the proud mind of her brother, stung to the quick by his unlucky encounter with Gilbert. The young knight of Stramen, was panting for an opportunity to retrieve his misfortune and wipe out his fancied disgrace. When in conversation with his sister, to whom he would outpour his passionate impulses, he pledged himself over and over again, to bring the daring stripling to his knee, who had dared to insult her in his absence. To his fiery threats, Margaret would offer no direct opposition, for she feared to awaken an easily excited suspicion, that she sympathised far too warmly with the culprit. This suspicion would have paralyzed her influence. She contented herself with pointing out the impossibility of settling a domestic quarrel at the present moment, and the imperative duty of considering, rather the public weal, than the gratification of a private inclination. And at times, when Henry appeared more tractable, and when moved by her tender affection and earnest discourse, he exhibited a disposition more closely resembling her own, she would suggest what a nobler and better revenge it would be, to seek an opportunity of saving Gilbert's life in the coming struggle. Henry's chivalrous nature was easily attracted by this suggestion, and he determined to prove his superiority over his rival, before attempting his ultimate revenge.

Father Omehr's duties increased as the fifteenth of October approached. The yeomen and vassals of Stramen recked little of their bodies, but they cared not to peril their souls. They feared not to expose their breasts to the arrow and lance, and to meet the powerful war horse with un-

flinching spear; but they were solicitous, at the same time, to purify their hearts for the mortal struggle. This wise precaution indicates no craven spirit, for he who fears eternity the most, fears death the least. The good missionary beheld, with a mournful eye, the preparations every where making for a struggle, apparently inevitable. He shared not in the ambition of Rodolph or the ardor of his barons; and he bitterly lamented the dire necessity which compelled blessed peace to disappear beneath the withering breath of war. Yet war seemed to be the unavoidable result of the excommunication, and the action of the pope was necessary to preserve the purity and liberty of the church. Deeply as he deplored the present crisis, he exclaimed, "Thy will, oh God, be done! We have done what seemed to be our duty, be the consequences what they may!"

The empire was thus divided into two great parties. At first, the partisans of the king were much more numerous and powerful; but their strength was daily diminishing, as conscience began to operate upon some, and fear upon others. The most marked and appalling chastisement was overtaking the fiercest calumniators of the pope. It happened that, on a certain festival, the Bishop William, in the presence of the king, interrupted the mass by a violent denunciation of the pope, in which he called him an adulterer and false apostle, and assailed him with bitter raillery. Hardly had the ceremonies been concluded before the episcopal slanderer was struck down with a fatal malady. In the midst of the most excruciating torments of mind and body, he turned to the minions of Henry who surrounded him, and cried—"Go, tell the king, that he, and I, and all who have connived at his guilt, are lost for eternity!" The clerks at his bedside conjured him not to rave in that manner; but he replied —"And why shall I not reveal what is clear to my soul? Behold the demons clinging to my couch, to possess themselves of my soul the moment it leaves my body. I entreat you—you, and all the faithful, not to pray for me after my death!" With this, he died in despair. The same day, the cathedral of Utrecht, in which he had preached, and the royal pavilion, were suddenly consumed by fire from heaven. Burchard, bishop of Misne, Eppo of Ceitz, Henry of Spire, and the duke Gazelon, were successively the victims of sudden and fatal misfortunes. Whatever may be the impression produced at the present day, it is certain that these examples and a great number of others, struck terror into the partisans of the king, and many prelates and priests threw themselves at the feet of the pope and renounced their errors. Thus, Udo, archbishop of Treves, repaired all penitent to Rome, and Herman of Metz began to waver in his hitherto steady fidelity to Henry.

Whilst these causes were sapping the imperial power, Henry was unexpectedly menaced from another quarter. The two sons of count Geron, William and Thierry, who had for some time secretly cherished the hope of regaining the lost freedom of their country, saw in the present confusion, the moment for which they had sighed. They raised the standard of revolt, and were soon at the head of a band of young and noble chieftains, whose intrepid bearing and dauntless confidence inspired the nation with the desire and the hope of liberty. The escape of the two Saxon princes from Henry's hands and their arrival in Saxony gave an irresistible impulse to the movement, and the whole circle, animated by the same spirit, rose haughtily to throw off the heavy yoke, never patiently endured.

Rodolph lost not a moment in concentrating his forces and in profiting by this new defection. He had already secured the powerful assistance of Berthold of Carinthia and Welf of Bavaria, and could now oppose to the emperor the formidable league of Suabia, Carinthia, Bavaria and a portion of Lombardy. His policy evi-

dently was to conciliate the Saxons, and he deemed their impiety sufficiently chastised at Hohenburg. He took care to assure them that so far from having any thing to apprehend from his opposition to their enterprise, they might rely upon his assistance and countenance.

Henry had long affected a contempt for the anathemas of Gregory and an unconcern he was far from feeling; but this formidable coalition burst the shell of his apathy and laid bare his uneasiness. He supplicates his nobles in the disaffected provinces to meet him at Mayence; but his earnest prayers are disregarded. Finding his advances indignantly rejected by the princes of Upper Germany, and seeing that his prelates were rapidly deserting him, he addresses himself to the task of conciliating the Saxons. He employs every artifice to excite Otto of Nordheim against the two sons of Geron: menacing Otto's own sons, whom he held as hostages, in case the father refused. But the noble Saxon replied, that he would stand or fall by his country. Though signally foiled in all his schemes, Henry was still at the head of a numerous and veteran army, and he boldly advanced upon the marches of the Misne to give battle to the sons of Geron. The Saxons did not wait an attack, but sallied forth to meet the monarch. The Mulda, swollen with the recent rains, alone separated the hostile armies, when the king, seized with a sudden panic, ordered a hasty retreat, and fell back upon Worms, where he gave himself up to a lively regret and the gloomiest forebodings.

The Saxons exulting in their first success, wished to revive the league with Suabia; but first besought the holy see to indicate which side they should espouse. Gregory's saintly and heroic reply, displays the pure motives by which he was animated in excommunicating the king, and which continued to govern his conduct throughout the contest. He cannot recommend the anathematised monarch to the embraces of the Saxons,—nor, on the other hand, does he entirely commend the self interested zeal of Rodolph. He wishes to humble the king without exalting his adversaries;—to reform the empire, without a civil war. Had he possessed a particle of the lofty ambition which has sometimes been ascribed to him, this was the moment to attach the Saxons to the Suabian confederacy, and give a death blow to the Franconian line. But instead of an animated exhortation to arms, in the name of outraged religion, the magnanimous pontiff writes:—"Forget not, I pray you, the frailty of human nature; and remember the piety of his father and his mother, unequalled in our time!" Gregory's respect for Henry's parents seems to have inspired him with the charitable hope, which never deserted him, that the king would renounce his vices and return to virtue. It is well to keep this in view; since it is easier, after an inquiry into the struggle between them, to justify the severity than the lenity of the holy see.

The 15th of October had at length arrived, and the eyes of Germany were eagerly directed to Tribur. The left bank of the Rhine was glittering with the chivalry of Upper Germany, and the legions of Suabia were encamped along the bristling river. Here might be seen the swarthy Bohemian, the stern Thuringian rider, the gay Lombard and the gigantic Swiss, all mingling together and apparently indifferent as to where they might be led. Gilbert de Hers felt a new and ardent delight in gazing upon the long and dazzling array of helmets and of spears; he longed for the hour when the whole mass would be in motion against a body beautiful and powerful as itself. With far different feelings did Father Omehr behold the formidable battalia. He knew that the pomp of war, if often sung by poets, is oftener chronicled in hell. In the beautiful language of the age, he had been taught that —"Peace is the language of heaven, for Christ, who came from heaven, spoke that language, saying, '*Pax vobis!*'—It is the

language of angels, who cried exulting,—'*In terra pax!*'—It is the language of the apostles, who thus greeted every house they entered: '*Pax huic domui!*'" Were the hasty and unscrupulous penmen of our generation, to draw their information from the writings of the saints, instead of from martial legends or miserable perversions, even of these, they would find the spirit of the ages of faith, eminently pacific, and could be induced so to represent it. At least, the church, the teacher, and the regenerator of Europe, breathed nothing but—"Peace!" Many holy doctors went so far as to condemn hunting, as being calculated to make men love war. And even the war cry of the red crossed knights, was, "Mansuetudinem quærimus et non bella!"

The nobles of the empire, the principal prelates who remained faithful to Rome, and the papal legates, Siccard, patriarch of Aquilea, and Altmann, bishop of Passau, were assembled within the town in solemn council. Scarcely, however, had their deliberations begun, before Otto of Nordheim, at the head of the flower of Saxony, appeared among them and declared himself in their favor. Then, former jealousies and wrongs were forgotten, and Otto, and Welf and Rodolph, cordially embracing each other, devoted themselves to the execution of whatever enterprise the common cause might require. Seven days were consumed by the council in the discussion of the diseases, the wants and the dangers of the state. In the meantime, Henry, apprised of the meeting, had hastened with his army to Oppenheim, and occupied the opposite side of the river. When informed that his cruelty, his blasphemy, his perfidy, were strongly exposed and unanimously condemned, and that he was denounced as a violator of law and propriety, false to the dignity of the church, and faithless to the state, he implored the princes to accept his contrition, and offered to resign all, but the insignia of royalty, with which he could not honorably part, and to give hostages for his future good behaviour. But the council replied, that they knew his sincerity too well to desire another proof of it; and that a perfidy so deeply rooted as his, must be incurable. The messages of the monarch served only to inflame his opponents still more violently against him; and the princes, disgusted with his pretended submission, resolved to elect a new king, pass the Rhine and attack the imperial troops. Henry, driven to despair, concentrated his forces upon a single point, and prepared to give battle, determined to conquer or die.

But here, again, the peaceful spirit of the church interfered to prevent a scene of carnage, by withholding the apostolical suffrage from the nominee to the imperial dignity. As in almost every battle chronicled by Froissart, the bishops first passed from army to army, exhorting to peace, and studying to bring the point in dispute to an amicable adjustment, so at this moment, the papal legates and the bishops compelled the confederates to give the king to the end of the year to repent, if he complied with certain conditions, the observance of which was required for the peace and safety of Germany. The two most important of these conditions, were, to retire from public life, and to seek, in person, at Rome, the raising of the interdict. It is impossible not to see in this arrangement the finger of Gregory, solicitous to avert bloodshed, and directed by his magnanimous and charitable repugnance to credit Henry's utter depravity.

There were some who regretted this peaceful result, among whom, the stern baron of Stramen was conspicuous for his open denunciation of the treaty: nor could the polished lord of Hers conceal his contempt for a compromise, which threw away a present advantage, in consideration of the fear extorted oath of a perjured debauchee. Rodolph himself deeply regretted that the pope would not consent to crown him king, a consummation he required before acting against his brother,

lest he should be branded as a rebel. Even Gilbert and Henry of Stramen, were crest fallen in the blight of all their budding hopes. Of all our Suabian friends, Father Omehr was the only one who rejoiced in this amicable termination of the council, and who devoutly returned thanks to God for averting a direful war, and proclaiming, in the favorite language of heaven, "Pax fiat!"

During two months and a half, Henry buried himself in solitude at Spire. Rodolph remained watchful and expectant, now at Zurich, and now in Saxony. All was calm in the lordships of Hers and Stramen. The Lady Margaret was lamenting the absence of Father Omehr, who had been summoned to Rome, and whose missionary duties were performed by the pious Herman.

The year of grace was drawing to a close, and the proud barons began to hope, that the emperor would permit it to pass without observing the stipulation in the treaty, to repair to Rome and ask pardon of the pope. The new year had begun and January was half over, when the king of Arles was startled with the intelligence, that Henry had purchased from Adelaide, the widow of the Margrave Otho, a free passage into Italy, and, in spite of snow and ice, had crossed the Alps and was approaching the fortress of Canossa, whither Gregory had retired. At first it was rumored that the monarch had gone to depose the pope, and the duke of Suabia secretly exulted in the prospect of instant action. But it was soon ascertained, that Henry presented himself in the character of a suppliant, and the result of his application was awaited in breathless interest.

Early in the spring of 1077, towards the close of a cold, bright day, Rodolph was seated in his palace at Zurich, surrounded by Albert of Hers and Gilbert, on one side, and on the other, by Sandrat and Henry of Stramen. This strange meeting, though unexpected and unwelcome to the hostile knights, was designed by Rodolph, who thought, that by thus accustoming them to restrain their passions in his presence, and by distinguishing them with equal confidence, and praising both sides in equal measure, he might control, in some degree, the antipathies he could not entirely subdue. But the barons maintained a stern, unyielding reserve, and Gilbert studiously avoided the disdainful gaze of Henry of Stramen. The lamps were scarcely lighted, when a messenger from Rome was announced, and the next moment Father Omehr entered the room.

The nobles rose, and greeting the venerable missionary respectfully and affectionately, conducted him to a seat and gathered about him. When the attendants had been dismissed, and the duke invited him to proceed, Father Omehr thus began to describe the interview between the pope and the king, to which he had been an eye witness.

"I had the happiness to be with his holiness when Henry was conducted by the noisy populace to the walls of Canossa, and though we knew not, with any certainty, whether the king's intentions were inimical or friendly, I could discover in the pontiff's placid face, neither hope nor fear. The first prayer presented by the royal suppliant, ascribed ambition and envy to the leaders of the coalition against him."

"Tyrant!" interposed the lord of Hers, "he begins his penitence by a calumny."

"Our holy father only replied," continued the priest, "that the ecclesiastical law did not permit him to judge the accused in the absence of his accusers; and invited him, since he confided in his innocence, to meet his accusers at Augsburg, and abide by the papal decision."

"Yes!" exclaimed Rodolph, eagerly, —"And what said the king?"

"That the anniversary of his excommunication was approaching, and that unless the interdict were raised, his rights to the crown would be forfeited. Should the pope receive him to favor at once, he

promised to submit to whatever his holiness might subsequently decree, and answer his accusers at Augsburg."

"Artful villain!" ejaculated Albert of Hers.

"But his holiness remained inflexible," resumed the missionary. "At last, moved by the prayers and tears of those around him, he permitted Henry to approach him, to prove his penitence and atone for his contempt of the holy see. The prince delayed not to avail himself of this grace; and the next morning presented himself at the inner gate of the castle, barefoot and in sackcloth, where he remained, fasting from daybreak to sunset. This he repeated the second and the third day."

"Oh that I had seen him in that saintly guise!" cried the duke, with a short, disdainful laugh, whilst he rubbed his hands and pressed the floor with his iron heel.

"Consummate hypocrite!" said the Lord Albert.

"Coward!" muttered the baron of Stramen.

"I think I can hear his piteous cries now," continued Father Omehr, endeavoring to excite their compassion, "put forth at intervals,—'*Parce, beate Pater, pie, parce mihi, peto, plané!*"

But the nobles only expressed extreme disgust.

"Finally," proceeded the priest, "the supplications of the saintly countess, Matilda, and of many holy men, induced our good father to raise the anathema on these conditions, proposed to the king, still barefoot and numbed with cold."

A deathlike stillness prevailed, as the missionary began the enumeration.

"That Henry should appear at Augsburg—that the pope should be the judge—that he should submit without resistance to the decision—that he should banish the excommunicated bishops and favorites:—and if one of these conditions were violated, that his guilt would be deemed established, and the princes of the empire at liberty to elect another king."

The knights still sat in silence, as if spell bound, whilst Father Omehr calmly went on with his narrative.

"The monarch swore to observe the compact inviolably. But to give additional solemnity to the oath, the pontiff, whilst celebrating the mass that followed the reconciliation, turned from the altar, and thus addressed the king: 'Do, if it please you, my son, as you have seen me do. The German princes are continually charging you with crimes for which they demand an interdict over you for life, not only from the seals of royalty, but from all communion with the church or society. They demand your immediate condemnation; but you know the uncertainty of human judgments. Do then, as I advise you, and if you are conscious of innocence, rid the church of this scandal and yourself of these imputations! Receive this other half of the host, that this proof of your innocence may silence your enemies, and I pledge myself to be your best champion in appeasing your barons and in arresting this civil war!'"

"And Henry?———" whispered Rodolph, trembling with excitement—

"Recoiled from a proof so terrible!" answered the missionary.

The duke still occupied his chair, with his forehead knit and his arms folded on his breast, but the lord of Hers sprang to his feet and began to pace the room, and the baron of Stramen brought his battle axe heavily against the floor.

"Tell me," said Albert of Hers, addressing Father Omehr, "did not the pope revoke his pardon at this evident insincerity?"

"No!" was the reply.

"Then, may God forgive me," returned the excited knight, "but the mercy of his holiness, sounds like human folly!"

"It is weakness—cowardice!" muttered the baron of Stramen.

The missionary smiled at cowardice in connexion with the name of Gregory VII.

A bright smile now began to break over

Rodolph's face, and he said, turning to his friends,

"My gallant knights, this is but an expedient of the king's to gain time; he will never confront us at Augsburg. We must prepare for a struggle more desperate than ever, and, before another day, I must set out for Saxony."

The prophecy of the king of Arles was soon verified. For five days after leaving Canossa, Henry kept his oath; on the sixth, he broke it; and, with an armed band, prevented the pope from appearing among the princes at the diet of Augsburg.

Before another week had passed, the lordships of Hers and Stramen seemed almost deserted. Rodolph had passed into Saxony, to assemble an army there, leaving Welf, the duke of Bavaria, and the Lord Albert, to collect the forces of Suabia. Rodolph had taken with him the baron of Stramen, with his son and Gilbert de Hers. Father Omehr, who had been secretly charged by the pope, to moderate the zeal of the king of Arles, had also followed the duke, committing his flock and the Lady Margaret to the care of Herman. It was with a heavy heart, that Gilbert saw the towers of Stramen fading in the distance, and felt that he was leaving, perhaps for ever, a being to whom he was so deeply attached, without a word, a glance, or even a look. He had, however, evinced his solicitude for the Lady Margaret's welfare, by solemnly charging Humbert to watch over her in his absence and protect her with his life.

The knights and burghers of Suabia were now assembling at Ulm. Scarce a man could be seen between the Danube and the lake of Constance: mothers were working in the fields with their children about them, and here and there some old or infirm vassal was seated at his cabin door. Little did the Lady Margaret dream, as she gazed from her lattice over the beautiful country, dipping down into the river, dotted all over with thriving cottages, from which the quiet smoke of peace was curling—little did she think, as she watched the green fields struggling through the melting snow, and fixed her eyes upon the church of the Nativity, how soon those cottages would flame, those fields be red with human gore, and that church be polluted by a hireling soldiery. Little did she think, when praying for the safety of her father and brother, that her own paternal castle would be the first victim of the war.

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Taking the Veil.*—At the convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., on the 2d of July, Miss Eliza Snowden, of Maryland, was received to the white veil—the Most Rev. Archbishop presiding on the occasion.

Manual Labor School.—The Rev. J. Dolan, the zealous and worthy pastor of St. Patrick's church, Fell's Point, Baltimore, has at length accomplished a long cherished object of his piety and philanthropy, in the purchase of a farm of about one hundred and thirty acres to be devoted to the instruction of destitute boys in mechanic and agricultural pursuits. To this species of training will be added a solid Christian education, so that the pupils will combine with skill in their several occupations, a moral and Christian character which will make them most useful and desirable citizens. The school is to be conducted by the Brothers of St. Patrick, who have experience in this system of teaching. The brothers have already possession of the farm, which is about five miles from Baltimore, and have started their labors with some twelve or fourteen orphans.

This is a charity which strongly appeals to the liberality of the Catholics of Baltimore, and we are glad to see that already several gentlemen have made very handsome subscriptions in furtherance of so praiseworthy an undertaking. Indeed, the circumstances under which this institution has been started, cannot fail to make it popular throughout our city, and to excite the generosity of every Catholic. In our intercourse with Rev. Mr. Dolan for years past, we often heard him dwell upon the importance of a manual labor school, and express his determination to call upon the Catholics of Baltimore to aid him in his efforts to establish an institution of the kind. His good purposes, however, were continually thwarted by other enterprises which more or less interfered with his own. While things were in this state, an emigrant ship from Ireland arrived in our harbor freighted with disease and misery. No sooner did the news of the distress and suffering of this unfortunate shipload of passengers reach the ears of Mr. Dolan, than he, with several other of his warm hearted countrymen, hastened to the scene of distress. The sick and the hungry, the dead and the dying, the cries of widows and orphans made up the sad spectacle which greeted these good men upon entering the ship. All that man could do for his fellow man was done for their relief. Through the influence of Mr. Dolan and other generous Irishmen, a temporary hospital was erected on the beach for their comfort, attended by sisters of charity, while some were removed to the Baltimore Infirmary and others to the alms house. But what touched the sympathies of these generous spirits most keenly and painfully was the sight of wailing children, who stood upon the beach in a strange land, without father or mother, or any one to whom they could look for relief. Their parents had died of ship fever during the voyage. Some of these desolate children were frantic in the expression of their grief and destitution, while younger ones were weeping for some one to care for their wants. It was in the midst of this harrowing scene that Mr. Dolan resolved that he would delay no longer his manual labor school. A whole-souled Irishman stood by him, and he opened to him his long cherished project. Though not a Catholic, he caught at once at the suggestion, and offered to advance him all the money he wanted for the fulfilment of his design. The offer was most gratefully accepted, and to this touching incident is the opening of the manual labor school, under the care of the Brothers of St. Patrick, at this time attributable. It is now in its first struggles for success. May God in his mercy favor the undertaking, and incline the hearts of all our citizens to aid bountifully in its permanent establishment.

St. Vincent de Paul's Church.—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered confirmation in this church to one hundred and thirty candidates, on Sunday, 18th July; among the number were several converts. The first communion took place at the early mass. At the close of the late mass, the Most Rev. Archbishop formally opened the sodalities of the B. V. M., and admitted seventy-six gentlemen, one hundred and seventy ladies, and two hundred children, besides several colored persons, of both sexes, as members. In the evening, at vespers, the interesting ceremonies of the renewal of Baptismal vows were performed.

Young Catholic's Friend Society.—At a meeting of the Young Catholic's Friend Society, held July 4th, the following gentlemen were elected active members: Ignatius Pike, B. R. Spalding, Geo. Reilly, James Feeny, Henry Fenwick, P. B. O'Connor, John A. Simms.

Diocess of New York.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop administered the sacrament of confirmation in St. Paul's church, Harlem, on Sunday, July 11th. We believe that above ninety children were confirmed—though as the pastor of the parish has sent us no information in regard to it, we are unable to state the exact number.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Diocess of St. Louis.—*Arrival of Missionaries.*—The Very Rev. J. Melcher, vicar general of St. Louis, who has been on a visit to Europe, for the object of obtaining missionaries for this diocess, arrived in our city on Monday last, accompanied by four priests, and eight seminarians. A number of the latter, we understand, are almost quite prepared for the reception of holy orders, and will, no doubt, be ordained soon.—*News Letter.*

Diocess of Charleston.—*Ecclesiastical appointments by the bishop.*—The Rev. P. N. Lynch, D. D. has been appointed superior of the seminary of St. John the Baptist, in lieu of Rev. J. P. Dunn, resigned. Dr. Lynch will henceforth be almost exclusively engaged in

the duties of superior and professor in the seminary, and principal of the collegiate institute lately commenced in this city; and will not attend sick calls or other ministerial functions, that might any way interfere with his engagements in these institutions.

The Rev. R. S. Baker has been appointed pastor of St. Mary's church, Hassell street, in place of Dr. Lynch; with the Rev. Thomas F. Shanahan as his assistant.

The Rev. C. J. Croghan has been appointed to the church of St. John the Baptist, on Sullivan's Island.—*Catholic Miscellany.*

Diocess of Philadelphia.—*Ordinations.*—Messrs. Hugh McMahon, of the Diocesan Seminary, and James M. Cullen, late of Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, received tonsure and minor orders, in the domestic chapel of the bishop, on Thursday, 15th inst.

Mr. Cullen was promoted *extra tempora*, to subdeaconship on Friday, feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Messrs. Cullen, Thomas Reardon, James O'Kane, James C. Maginnis and Patrick John Henegan, were ordained deacons on Saturday.

The same gentlemen were promoted to priesthood on Monday, the feast of St. Vincent de Paul.—*Catholic Herald.*

Diocess of Indiana.—We find the following item of ecclesiastical news in the *Propagateur Catholique* of the 3d inst.

Nomination of Bishops.—The provincial council of Baltimore, of last year, had asked the holy see to create several new sees, and, according to usage, sent a list of three candidates from which the occupant of each see was to be chosen. Generally the answer of the sovereign pontiff has been returned at the end of a few months; but this time the nominations have been waited for a year, a delay probably to be attributed to the death of Gregory XVI. However, the nominations have been officially announced from Rome, and perhaps the bulls of the new bishops have already arrived. We are able to make known at least the name of one of the newly elected prelates. The Rev. Mr. Bazin, vicar general of Mobile, is named to the see of Vincennes, made vacant by the resignation of the present titular, Bishop de la Hailandiere.—*Prop. Cath.* per *Cath. Advocate.*

Diocess of Chicago.—Bishop Quarters administered confirmation, on the 4th of June, in the church of *Prairie du Rocher* to 38 persons. A few days previously he laid the corner stone of a new church at Quincy, destined for the Germans of that city.—*C. Adv.*

Diocess of New Orleans.—On Sunday, 11th July, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Blanc, after celebrating mass in the chapel of the Ursuline convent, administered confirmation to fifty-nine persons. Thirty-six of the recipients were inmates of the institution, who had made their first communion fifteen days previously, and twenty-three were residents of the neighborhood, who, in addition to the sacrament of confirmation, received on that day, for the first time, holy communion; the greater part of these last mentioned persons had on the day previous been baptized conditionally.—*Prop. Cath.*

Diocess of Cincinnati.—*Dayton.—Laying of Corner Stone, &c.*—The corner stone of the new church of St. Joseph, corner of Second and Madison streets, Dayton, was laid on Monday, the 11th July, by the Right Rev. Bishop Purcell, assisted by the Rev. Messieurs P. O'Mealy and James Cahill.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

Diocess of Boston.—*New Catholic Church in Augusta, Maine.*—We learn from the *Observer*, that the Rev. P. Caraher has erected a beautiful church in Augusta, capital of the state of Maine. The building, which measures upwards of sixty feet in length, is of a simple yet chaste and classic style of architecture, and does much honor to both pastor and people. We understand that the governor of the state, the president of the senate, the speaker of the house, and many members of the legislature, subscribed liberally towards its erection. May God reward them and bring them to the light of the true Catholic faith.

The same paper states that on the 13th ult. the Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick gave first tonsure and the four minor orders to Mr. J. C. Shaw, of this city.—*Boston Pilot.*

Father Rey, the Catholic Chaplain.—We saw it announced, several weeks since, that this holy man had been barbarously murdered by those rascally brigands, the "Rancheros," of the neighborhood of Monterey. We read the account with emotions of the most marked character, for we had heard more than one of the "Butler Boys" relate incidents connected with his history in Mexico, and especially at Monterey, that, in our opinion at least, established his claim to a meed of honor equal to that won by any other man on that bloody scene. It is related of him, that during the fiercest of the fight, when a part of the first Ohio had been led

through a most destructive fire from the enemy's forts and barricades, into the streets of the town—where men fell before the death-storm like leaves before the winter blast, and vainly strove to find a foe on whom to wreak their vengeance—that at this critical moment, when the shot from the Mexican cannon was raking the streets as the aroused hurricane sweeps the deep gorges of the mountain pass, covering the rough pavement with the dead and dying,—this good servant of God was seen moving like the spirit of mercy amidst that scene of strife, administering to the wants of the mangled warrior who, in the excitement of battle, was forgotten by his advancing comrades—directing the eye about to close in death towards that world where the din of arms is never heard, and sealing, with the emblem of God's great sacrifice for man's salvation, the cold lips and dimmed vision of the dead.

The bulletins of your generals and the glowing eulogiums of letter writers on particular deeds of daring, present no examples of heroism superior to this. That Jesuit priest, thus coolly, bravely, and all unarmed, walking among bursting shells, over the slippery streets of Monterey, and to the battle storm and iron-steel that beat the stoutest, bravest soldier down, presenting no instrument of "carnal warfare," and holding aloft, instead of true and trusty steel, that flashed the gleam of battle back, a simple MINIATURE CROSS, and thus armed and equipped, defying danger, presents, to my mind, the most sublime instance of the triumph of the moral over the physical man, and is an exhibition of courage of the highest character. It is equal to, if not beyond, any thing witnessed during that terrible siege.

Our liveliest sympathies are easily aroused by brilliant descriptions of deeds of daring: the imagination is fired, and the soul aroused, by the stirring recital of scenes which, since the day when Hector and Archilles fought beneath the walls of Troy, have possessed for most men a thrilling interest. The pages of hero-history are starred all over with the records of warrior deeds and examples of prowess, that will be read with avidity for ever. The history of Leonidas, at the pass of Thermopylæ, or of Tell, amidst the mountain glaciers of Switzerland, will survive the destruction of the last block of marble in the Acropolis, and co-extend with those everlasting hills.

Murat, mounted on his black barb, (the finest horseman in Europe,) clad in a gorgeous uniform, and wielding a blade whose descending stroke clove the thickest skull, rushing down like a tempest upon the panic stricken Cossack or the dark phalanxes of the Arabian —Macdonald's charge at Wagram, leading thirty thousand men directly into the heart of the enemy's lines, from which fire issued as from the furrowed sides of a levelled volcano, leaving behind him as he advanced a "swath of dead men, that, as far as the eye could reach, lay like a huge serpent upon the plain," and at last piercing the Austrian centre, and standing on the other side with but fifteen hundred veterans,—Ney, conducting the disastrous retreat from Moscow, the last man to leave the Russian territory, himself "the rear guard of the grand army,"—Lannes at Arcola, —Napoleon at Lodi,—or, to speak of recent events, May's leap over the battery of Gen. Vega at Resaca de la Palma,—Yell's charge at Buena Vista,—Shields' at Cerro Gordo: those, and hundreds of others of like nature, are actions of the most glorious character; we read their history with beating hearts and tingling veins. But in all these cases, selected at random, there are the usual aids which attend upon such exciting events. Here the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," are all displayed to incite to heroic achievements. Steel rings on steel—steed neighs to steed—the bursting shell is quickly answered by corresponding explosions; the earth-shaking cavalry that rush onward like an avalanche, is met by the rock-fast squares of infantry; the whizzing ball of the esquipette is returned by the deadly aim of the American rifle, and the booming cannon from the "Black Fort" is answered by rapid discharges from the batteries of Duncan, Bragg and Ridgeley. In all these cases, then, there is something to nerve the heart and string the arm for battle: the animal, guided by the intellectual man, is fully aroused, and he does such deeds as men speak of with wonder. But with Father REY, all these were wanting, and his courage arose from a higher principle than that which animated the enraged soldiers around him.

It undoubtedly requires great bravery for a man, though panoplied in steel, to march right up to the "rude throats" of those "rude engines" that belch out wounds and death, or to charge upon bristling bayonets; but how much more courage does it require to walk

calmly in the midst of such scenes, unmoved, except with compassion for the fallen soldier, and thus courting death in the discharge of holy duties. We say, then, that if the innumerable acts of unexcelled bravery, performed by the soldiers of the republic from Palo Alto to Cerro Gordo, deserve the praise of the world, and the eloquent homage of the historian, even so shall the memory of this Jesuit priest be cherished and preserved, and he find a niche in that "Temple of Fame" which a patriotic and grateful people will rear to those who give their services and their lives a sacrifice for their country's good.—*Butler Co. Telegraph.*

OBITUARY.

Sister Mary Aloysia Strange, of the order of the Sisters of Mercy, died at the Mercy Hospital in this city, on Tuesday the 6th inst.

In sister Aloysia the Sisters of Mercy have lost one of their most valued members. Her talents developed and improved by a highly polished education, with her devotedness and zeal, rendered her one of their most useful members, while her amiable manners and exemplary virtues made her a model of the faithful religious, and endeared her alike to those entrusted to her care, and to the good sisters with whom she was associated.

She was born in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland, in the year 1822. Her family is one of the most respectable in that county, and is closely connected with some of the highest families in the kingdom. Several members of this family had selected the quiet abode of the cloister, abandoning all worldly prospects for the love of Christ. Sister Aloysia was a novice in the convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Carlow in 1843, when the bishop of Pittsburg applied for a few sisters to form an establishment in the new diocess, and she was amongst the first who offered her services in the good work.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

Died on the 19th July, Mother Agatha Combs, superior of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C., aged 56 years. She had been a member of the community from its earliest years, and had always edified it by the fervent practice of the virtues required by a life of religion. She was particularly noted for her simplicity, humility, and generous heart. Her death was accordingly precious in the sight of God. She had been thrice called to the government of the community in which she lived. R. I. P.

FOREIGN.

Italy.—Rome.—*The Pope and the Poor of Ireland.*—A notice appeared lately in our columns of a rosary and an autograph letter from Pope Pius IX, which were on their way to England, to be disposed of for the benefit of the suffering Irish. We are now requested to state, that this valuable gift has arrived, and is at present in possession of the lady by whose friends it was sent from Italy. The rosary consists of eleven agate beads, set in gold, with a head of the Saviour, engraved on cornelian, pendant from a small gold tassel at one end; to the other is attached a ring to suspend it from the finger when used in prayer. On the letter (of which we subjoin a copy, with the translation) we need make no comment—it speaks for itself. The managers of the London Joint Stock Bank, 69, Pall Mall, have kindly undertaken to exhibit the rosary, and to receive subscriptions; and the noble names of Shrewsbury, Arundell and Surry, Stourton, M'Farlane, Throckmorton, Sir J. Kempt, and many others, which are already on the list, leave little doubt that the hope of realizing 100*l.* in fulfilment of the intentions of the benevolent and liberal minded pontiff, will be easily accomplished. We ought to add, that his holiness' letter is addressed to his sister-in-law, the Contessa Mastaj.

"Amata Cognata—Alla dama Sienese che a te communicata sa lodevole intenzione di raccogliere un sussidio peri poveri Irelandesi colpiti del flagello della fame, potiete mandare l'unita corona, accompagnata della nostra benedizione extensiva a tutti quelli che si occupano e contribuiscino a questa pia opera. La pace del Signore con toi e con tutta ta famiglia.

Pio P. P. IX, ✝ Papa."

TRANSLATION.

"Beloved Sister-in-law—To the Sienese lady who has communicated to you her praiseworthy intention of affording some relief to the poor Irish suffering from the scourge of famine, you may send the enclosed rosary, accompanied by our full and general blessing to all who are occupied in, or who contribute to this pious labor.

"The peace of the Lord be with you and all your family.

"Pius P. P. IX, ✝ Pope."

Tablet.

Ceremonial at St. Agatha's.—On Monday, 1st June, a solemn funeral service was celebrated in the church of the Irish college, St. Agatha, for the soul of the late Mr. O'Connell. Over the principal entrance to the church the following inscription was placed, together with the arms of the family:

Danieli O'Connell
Religionis Catholicæ libertatis adsertori
Fortissimo jurium patriæ vindici
Viro fide in Deum, charitate in pauperes
Omni virtute Christiana conspicuo
Collegii Hibernorum præsides et alumni
Adsistenti viro Eminentissimo
Jacobo P. Cardinale Fransonio Prot.
Mærentes extincto Hiberniæ lumine
Justa persolvunt.

The ancient and venerable church was lit up with torches and candles, and ornamented in an appropriate manner with black drapery for the mournful ceremony. In the centre of the nave a rich catafalco was erected, of considerable elevation. In this was placed the heart of the father of his country, which, according to his wish, had been brought to Rome, thus to give a solemn attestation in death of his attachment to the centre of unity, and to the successors of St. Peter, for whom he had during his eventful career always maintained the sincerest veneration. The ceremonies commenced with matins and lauds, which were sung with solemnity by the Irish students, assisted by those of several other colleges. A pontifical high mass for the dead then commenced, in which the celebrant was the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, bishop of Philadelphia, and vicar apostolic of Hyderabad. After mass, his Eminence Cardinal Fransoni, prefect of the S. Congregation of Propaganda, robed in his pontificals, and attended by a deacon, subdeacon, and other ministers, and surrounded by a numerous clergy, with lighted candles, gave the absolution according to the Roman ritual, in the most solemn manner. During the entire morning masses were incessantly celebrated by clergymen from every country, and a considerable concourse of people attended, among whom were the superiors of the Irish Dominican, Franciscan, and Augustinian convents, the rector and students of the English college, several members of the company of Jesus, students of the Propaganda, &c., the Rev. Mr. Newman and his companions, Daniel O'Connell, M. P., and a number of distinguished laymen. It is needless to say that an expression of the sincerest sympathy and respect towards the memory and virtues of the illustrious deceased was visible on the countenances of all. The funeral oration was recited by the Rev. D. Kirby, who gave a rapid and eloquent sketch of the great deeds of Mr. O'Connell, and described in a most affecting manner the virtues for which he was distinguished, dilating principally on his attachment to the Catholic faith, which he always boldly professed in the presence of the world, and nobly defended against its enemies. In the end he mentioned the edifying circumstance of the great patriot's death, in which the promise of the Holy Ghost was so strikingly fulfilled—"To him who feareth the Lord it shall be well in the latter end, and in the day of his death he shall be blessed."—*Ibid.*

The Pope and Mr. O'Connell.—The *Univers* publishes the following letter from Rome of the 14th inst.:—"Pope Pius IX gave to-day an audience to the son of the liberator of Ireland, and pronounced an eulogy on Daniel O'Connell in terms which must have excited the gratitude and admiration of the young member for Dundalk. I have been told that at the moment when the visiter was rising, after kissing the feet of the holy father, the pope said to him, 'Since I have been denied the happiness, so long desired, of embracing the hero of Christendom, let me have at least the consolation of embracing his son,' and, at the same time, the holy father pressed him twice to his heart. Pius IX wished it to be known that it was by his express order that a solemn service will be celebrated, and that the panegyric of the illustrious deceased will be pronounced. It is on the 25th inst. that these funeral homages will be rendered to the memory of the liberator of Ireland."

A correspondent in Rome informs us that the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty has arrived in that city, and been elected to the important office of assistant-general of his order.—*Ibid.*

New Cardinals.—A letter of the 12th June from Rome, says: "Immediately after the secret consistory, held to-day, M. Bernardin and count Della Porta, belonging to the noble guard of his holiness, left this city as couriers, carrying to Mgrs. Giraud and Dupont the news of their promotion to the cardinalate."—*Ibid.*

Letters from Rome of the 18th instant, bring an account of the festivities which took place on the previous day, on the occasion of the anniversary of the pope's elevation to the

pontifical see. The entire population of Rome and deputations from the neighboring towns assembled in the morning at the Campo Vaccino, the ancient forum. The inhabitants of each ward and town had a separate banner. From thence that mass of people proceeded to the capital, where they were joined by the students of the University and the civic guards, bearing the colors offered to the latter by the inhabitants of Bologna. The procession then moved towards the Quirinal, singing patriotic hymns, and crying, "Long live Pius IX! *Vivat* Italy!" Cicernacchio, the chief of the Transteverines, marched at the head of the *cortége*, bearing a large flag. The pope appeared at the balcony of the palace, and bestowed his benediction on the crowd. In the evening the city was illuminated.

On Sunday evening his holiness walked bareheaded in the magnificent procession of the host, at the Lateran Basilica, one of those which recur every day during the octave of Corpus Domini. An immense multitude was assembled before the church, and nothing could be more beautiful than the effect of this procession, as having issued from the portico of the transept, and made the circuit of the Lateran Palace, it entered the church again through the atrium of the grand facade; the multitude of banners, crosses, torches, and rich vestments, as they pass from the open air into the church, seen against the dark back ground of its portal, presents, in their "sainted pageantry," a solemnly beautiful effect. The holy father walked immediately after the cardinal, who bore the host under a white silk canopy, and read, as he passed, out of the volume containing the devotions for the occasion. The procession, before re-entering the church, passes through the wards of the hospital of St. Giovanni, that those occupying the couches between whose ranks it passes may have the consolation of participating in this homage to the Saviour of the world. Several detachments of troops followed the train, and on this day, as on that of Corpus Domini, was played during the whole time, by the military bands, the anthem composed in honor of his holiness for the first day of the present year, which has become to Rome what "God save the Queen" is to England, both words and music familiar to every one who has a memory or an ear.

We learn by a note from Rome, that the Very Rev. Dr. Hamilton, archdeacon of Dublin, has been created by his holiness one of his private chamberlains Cameriere Segreto.

Rome, June 18.—While you are celebrating the victory of Waterloo, we have been engaged here in commemorating the anniversary of last year's amnesty, the first act of our new sovereign, who then struck the key note of his glorious reign. One would think that we ought to be, by this time, tired of *festas*, ovations, and public rejoicings; but we have no sooner hailed one great achievement of Pius, than we are impelled to celebrate another and another: "still they come," and we must again "hang out the banner on the castle walls." One thousand crowns prize was offered for the best ode on the great exploits of the Grand Condé, in his youthful dalliance with victory. It was awarded to a poet from Gascony for the following lines:

> Pour celebrer tant de vertus,
> Tant de hauts faits et tant de gloire,
> Mille ecus!—parbleu! MILLE ECUS!
> Ce n'est pas UN SOU par victoire!

Such is our case. We are exhausted in our means of testifying fit appreciation—bankrupts in gratitude. We made an effort yesterday: 1,500 musical amateurs, and it is easy to get together that number here, all more or less vocalists, put themselves in training beforehand, and executed, under the balcony of the Quirinal, a monster anthem in honor of the great deliverer. The standard brought hither from Bologna was plucked from the capital and placed in the van of a gorgeous processional march; thence to the baths of Diocletian, and in those gigantic halls, which the genius of Buonarotti has restored to more than Roman grandeur, the anthem was resumed and shook the vaulted roofs of the imperial structure. Vespers were sung by a whole population in a way that would have astonished the old pagan persecutor. In the evening the illumination was truly a wonderful affair: not a lane or alley that was not radiant; but the Jews outshone us all. Their *Ghetto* being an obscure hole, embosomed in desolation, and almost under the bed of the Tiber, afforded a grand opportunity for a scientific exhibition of chiaroscuro. Rembrandt and *Gherardo delle notti* were cast into the shade by Hebrew ingenuity on this occasion.—*Tablet.*

SWITZERLAND.—The *Swiss Catholic Gazette* contains the following, under date Lucerne, 14th instant:—"The committee charged with preparing the instructions to be given to

the Diet agreed yesterday to propose the following resolution to the Grand Council:—'The deputation will declare to the Diet that the Canton of Lucerne is opposed to all intervention on the part of a majority of twelve Cantons in the affair of the Catholic league and the Jesuits, and will resist with arms all attempts to enforce the execution of any decree the Diet may issue on the subject.'"—*Ibid.*

Mauritius.—*To the Editor of the Tablet, —Port Louis, 10th March,* 1847.—Sir, You are probably aware that the governor of this island is deeply smitten with religious propensities of a peculiar description, and that he appears to consider it a duty paramount to every other, to propagate his views on religion, and to control and check every other person's notions on these matters which may not harmonise with his own. It cannot, therefore, excite surprise that the bishop of the island, the Right Rev. Dr. Collier, with his well known firmness of character in all ecclesiastical concerns, should be brought into collision with Sir William Gomm, who never dreamt that his will should be opposed in church or state, in the island of which he is governor.

His excellency found fault with his lordship for refusing to marry Catholics and Protestants unless upon the condition that the children should be brought up Catholics; and he called upon the bishop to give him the assurance that no such refusal should ever again be made. The bishop replied that the only assurance he could give his excellency, was that of adhering strictly to the discipline of the Catholic church, and of never allowing any mixed marriage, except on the condition specified. The governor next quarrelled with his lordship about baptisms, and afterwards about holy communion; but I need not say that the bishop told his excellency that in ecclesiastical matters he could not recognise in Sir William Gomm any authority to interfere with him, and that therefore he need not distress himself about such matters.

Soon after these disputes a Belgian priest—the abbé Eggermont—performed, under similar circumstances, the Cesarean operation, and performed it with success. Sir William Gomm called upon the bishop to suspend him, and to give him an order to leave the island, accompanied with a distinct prohibition never to return to it. Of course, the bishop informed the governor politely that he would do nothing of the kind; the governor expelled the priest at his own risk and peril; the bishop protested against the expulsion, and appealed to lord Grey against it, and lord Grey condemned the governor, ordered him to inform the bishop of it, and directed the priest to return to the colony and resume his ecclesiastical duties. The governor, moreover, is ordered to leave the colony and to join his regiment in India, and it is currently stated that this removal has been decided upon in consequence chiefly of his quarrelling with the bishop, and of his wounding the religious feelings of the people of this Catholic island.

I have the honor to be, sir, your very obedient servant, A Creole of Maurice.

Ireland.—*Ordination.*—At the annual ordination of All Hallows College, near Dublin, Messrs. Scallen, (for the diocess of N. York,) O'Neil, (for Rhode Island,) and Lennon, (for Boston,) were ordained priests.

Heroic Devotion of the Clergy.—The following sad recital, remarks the Truth Teller, of the fatal results that have followed the track of fever in Liverpool, proves at once the virulence of the disease in that city, and the noble heroism of the faithful and devoted clergy of the people. Nearly one-third of the Catholic clergymen have been cut off!

The following letter is from our correspondent, Wednesday:

I regret to say that within the last two months, no less than seven out of a total of twenty-six of the devoted priesthood of the Catholic church, have died in Liverpool; six of these of fever, one, the Rev. Mr. Fisher, of decay of nature. The Rev. Mr. Grayson, who died this morning, was the last of these heroic men who suffered in the cause of religion and humanity; but he leaves two brother clergymen dangerously ill in the same establishment. The names of the other martyrs in the cause of duty are the Rev. Messrs. Parker, Appleten, Nittingale, Kelly, and Gilbert. The many anecdotes, illustrative of the zeal and devotion of these clergymen, which one hears here would fill a volume.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

England.—In England the most interesting thing that has occurred, was a large and most respectable meeting of Catholics in Westminster, to determine on the proper course to be adopted in the present state of their affairs. We will give some account of it in our next, as also of the action of Parliament upon the

unholy interference of their whig ministry in the affairs of Portugal, in helping to crush the exertions of that people for gaining the rights of social freedom.

The cause of the Catholic faith still progresses in England. One of the brightest evidences of it is to be found in the spirit manifested in the Westminster meeting already referred to, in the frank confession of past and present faults on the part of English Catholics themselves—what greater sign of health or vigor could be afforded. Another evidence of the advance of the faith still continues to be given in the additional conversions.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

Conversions.—The Rev. R. Ornsby, M. A., late fellow and tutor of Trinity College, Oxford, and public examiner for the responsions examination in that university for 1845, has resigned the assistant-curacy of St. Paul's, Chichester, to which he was lately appointed, and conformed to the Roman Catholic faith. Mr. Ornsby was, according to the *Standard* of Wednesday, originally a member of Lincoln College, and took the degree of B. A. in the first class of *Literæ Humaniores* in 1840.—*Church and State Gazette.*

On Trinity Sunday last Mr. S. Payne, of Frome, was received into the holy Catholic and apostolic church, at Downside college, by the zealous and indefatigable laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, the Rev. C. H. Davis. After the reception, the Rev. gentleman gave him a very impressive and pathetic discourse, exhorting him to correspond faithfully with the duties he had undertaken, to prepare for trials and persecution, and to press earnestly forward to the prize which was set before him. It was obvious that the Rev. gentleman felt what he spoke, as his feelings sometimes nearly overpowered his words. And on Sunday last Mr. Payne, with several other converts, received the sacrament of confirmation at the same place, which was administered by the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, bishop of the western district. We also perceived in the chapel at the same time Dr. Willson, bishop of Hobart Town, who, we think, is looking very well.—*Tablet.*

The Ship Fever in Canada.—This dreadful malady appears to be still on the increase. We present the following statement, derived from the Quebec Chronicle, of the condition of several vessels, all of which arrived at Grosse Isle on Tuesday of last week:

Vessels.	Where from.	Passengers.	Deaths.
Goliah,.....	Liverpool,	600	46
Chas. Richards,	Sligo,.....	178	8
Medusa,.....	Cork, ...	194	2
Alert, ...	Waterford,	234	4
Jordine, ...	Liverpool,	354	8
Manchester,...	Ditto,...	512	11
Jessie,.....	Cork, ...	437	37
Erin's Queen,..	Liverpool,	517	50
Sarah,.....	Ditto,...	248	31
Rosana,.....	Cork, ...	254	3
Triton, ...	Liverpool,	483	90
Thistle,.....	Ditto,...	389	8
Avon,.....	Cork, ...	550	136
Total,.....		4,950	434

Being nearly one-tenth of the whole; of the remainder many are sick.

It appears by a statement in the Quebec Mercury of Tuesday that the total number of deaths at Grosse Isle, up to the 30th June, was 821; on board ships and buried on the island, to July 8th, 715; died at sea, 2,559; making a total of 4,095 deaths.

The number of deaths at the marine hospital from the 3d to the 10th July was 54; discharged 228; remaining 827.

The attending clergy have sustained several additional losses. The Rev. Mr. Monfigny, R. C. priest at Lachine, and sister Limoge, one of the gray nuns, are said to have fallen victims to the fever. The Rev. Mr. Roy, cure of Charlesbourg, died on Tuesday morning of typhus fever, contracted in the discharge of his clerical duties at Grosse Isle. The Rev. Mr. Chadderton was not expected to survive.

The Montreal Pilot states that on the evening of Saturday, the 10th, several carts filled with young children were removed from the sheds and brought into St. Catharine street, St. Lawrence suburbs. Nine of them died on the same night of their removal.

The Montreal Witness of the 12th says it is asserted by the best medical authorities that there is scarcely a street in the city in which there are not two or three cases of fever, and that the only effectual means of stopping the disease would be the removal of all the sick at once.—*National Intelligencer.*

We learn with regret that, in addition to the above losses, four clergymen of the parish church of Montreal were recently taken away from the field of their earthly labors. Three of them, the Rev. Messrs. Carof, Morgan and Godefrey, died of ship fever, which they contracted in attending the sick.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Essay on the Generative Principle of Political Constitutions. Translated from the French of M. le Comte Joseph De Maistre, author of Evenings at St. Petersburg, &c. Boston: Little & Brown.

We are indebted to the kindness of the translator for a copy of this interesting essay. In presenting this treatise to the American public in an English dress, he has laid his fellow citizens under obligations which we hope will be measurably repaid by a liberal patronage of the work. We trust that readers will not be startled by the title of the book, and turn from it, as from something which from its very name should be considered dry and unentertaining, and only fit for politicians. For, like the Evenings of St. Petersburg, and every thing we have seen from the pen of this distinguished champion of our holy religion, it is couched in glowing language, happy illustrations, and bears the impress of a great and fervid intellect. That some idea may be formed of the generative principle of political constitutions as discussed by the author, we have only to say that he refers it to the Deity, and that his object is to combat the notions of those theorists who limit to human agencies this generative principle, to the exclusion of the divine. "A political constitution written and created à priori," he considers one of the great errors of the day. "Without the doctrine of a divine lawgiver," says the author, quoting a profound theologian, "all moral obligation is chimerical. Power on the one side, weakness on the other, constitutes the whole bond of human society." "Never have nations," says the author in another place, "been civilized, except by religion. No other known instrument has power over savage man. Without recurring to antiquity, which is very decisive on this point, we see a sensible proof of it in America. For three centuries, we have been there with our laws, our arts, our sciences, our civilization, our commerce, and our luxuries; what have we gained over the savage state? Nothing. We destroy these unfortunate beings with sword and brandy; we drive them gradually into the interior of the wilderness, until at last they disappear entirely, victims of our vices as well as cruel superiority."

The translator has given additional interest to this essay, by a series of useful and explanatory notes, the fruits of his own learning and industry.

Rowan's Modern French Reader. Morceaux Choisis des Auteurs modernes, a l'usage de la Jeunesse, par F. M. Rowan. Revised, corrected and enlarged, by J. L. Jewett. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton, 148 Chesnut street.

The selections in this compilation are taken exclusively from the productions of French writers belonging to, or near our own time. We have received these Morceaux Choisis too late to give them a careful perusal; the extracts appear to be all taken from fashionable writers; and the passages culled from their books may be unexceptionable; we like not that the sources of youthful instruction should be derived from Sue, Hugo, Michelet and others. No doubt their works may contain many episodes harmlessly beautiful, but these extracts might decoy young minds to a closer intimacy with such authors, whose writings should be avoided as of the most pestiferous character both to the morals and principles of the rising generation. These selections remind us of the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy, whose outside was fair enough to view, but within its bowels were contained the seeds of the city's destruction. The best way is to keep such works and every portion of them out of sight: "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

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